HUGH ALLONE

SAILOR

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SAILOR

By JOHN MARSHALL DOGGETT

Words to Song of

Hugh Allone, Sailor.

[*Badge of Allone as Life-Saver*]

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1886.

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"The most gratifying results have attended the operations of the Life-saving service during the last fiscal year. The observance of the provision of law, requiring the appointment of the force employed in this service to be made "solely with reference to their fitness, and without reference to their political or party affiliation," has secured the result which may confidently be expected in any branch of public employment where such a rule is applied. As a consequence, this service is composed of men well qualified for the performance of their dangerous and exceptionally important duties."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, *Message to Congress*, 1885.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following "book of words," to parts of the forecastle concerts of the "Americ" (Capt. Tuton) while she was on her way from the Old World to the New, is a sort of off-duty report of war-correspondents. The mysterious mal-de-mer, (that real sea-serpent which the major part of the travelling world have but too plainly seen), while it often baffled the "beloved physician," ship's-doctor Lucas, is said at times to have retreated before the divine voice of Allone—member of the "Americ" previous to his unconsciously *revealing* his lovely character as Keeper at Cape Fear. Little Echo, the daughter of a Stewardess, was the idol of the crew.

Allone had what he called his "songs without words," and in such demand were they among the 'sick' that Master Tuton one night remarked in pleasantry that the State-rooms made such a prisoner of Hugh that the Officers of the Propeller would have to serve a writ—habeas corpus.

Allone's masterpiece was voted to be "The Raven"; and snake-charming Echo's to be

"First of all and always"

"Home, Sweet Home." And so good-by to our well-nigh "libel" of a libretto—would that wizard Edison could have been on hand with phonograph to testify that it were as vain to attempt to report Allone himself as to try embody in a new "Flying Dutchman" the music of the spheres when the morning stars sang together.—*Reps.*

N. B.—Of Captain Tuton's "strange eventful history" I gather the following cardinal points, which may do in a measure for a kind of compass to the memory, or rather serve as a skeleton, so to say, of the otherwise mysterious and confusing phenomena of the *rôle*—a title rôle in its way—which he was called on by eternal Providence to act out upon our modern stage of events:—

1st Age: the *infant* (and weanling.)	1. He was born on banks of the Elbe. The date of his birth remains doubtful.
	2. But we are certain that he early left the birthplace, owing to the poverty and large family of his parents, and also, it must be confessed, to his own "truant disposition," and emigrated to England; a mere urchin.
2nd Age: the *school boy* (and croft-lad.)	3. That he went to school at Stratford in Warwickshire; and there studied, most, English.

3rd Age: the lover (of Milton.)

4. When we next hear of him he had worked his way, by Bath, to London and settled, having married a reigning beauty whose family-name was Charter—of gentle birth.

4th Age: the soldier (ag't Napoleon.)

5. Then he came to America to seek an Independence—the secret of the shifting scenes of his career. He is elected to the captaincy.

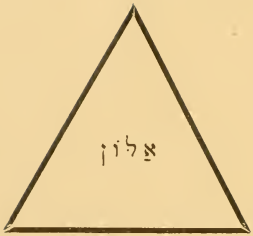
6. At last he made a permanent home of the new world; being blest in his household we will not say in *spite* of, but rather *through* the crucial trials of two family quarrels—a rebellion and a civil war they were called, the first on a matter of his own authority over his children after they were grown; the second, a difficulty between the brothers.[a]

5th Age: (the Justice.)

7. Becoming after all, and before all, a model citizen, thus proven by those dispensations; "representing" the saxon race, which has been strikingly characterized as the Redeemer of Modern History—as the saver of these our times. We have "nought extenuated," certainly "nought set down in malice," in this bare prosaic *silhouette* or shadow of the man, leaving it to others to reproduce the rounded poetry of his life, to bring out in bold relief his all-redeeming traits, his divine nature and mission.—[*Ed.*]

---

[a] One of his sons, Charter Tuton, seems to have been the occasion, if not the cause, of this misunderstanding.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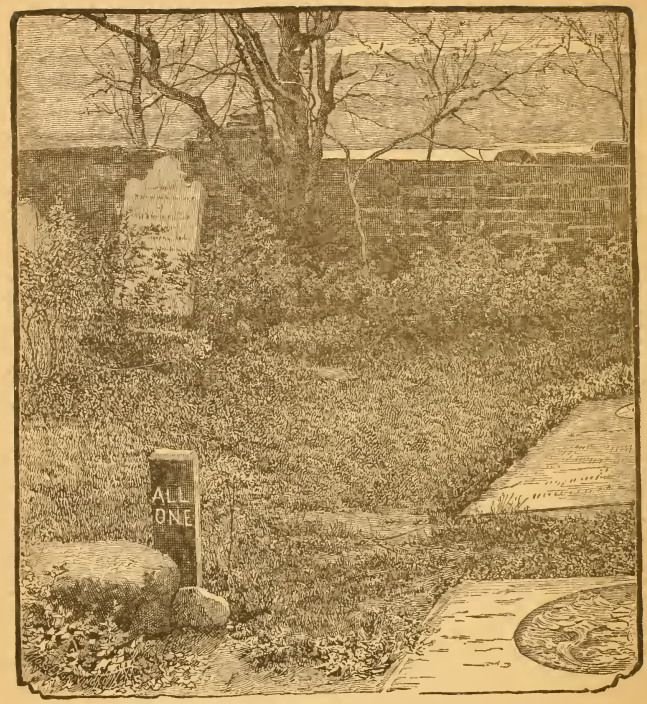
ALLONE'S SONGS.

BOOK I.



Our Allone.

"He is risen ; he is not here."

Allone's Songs.

Surfmen's Burial.

DROOP the colors half-mast high,
In the sheltering harbor nigh,
Honor thus the three to give,
Nobly dead that others live.
O'er the Cape the westering sun,
Clear-bright, tells the day well done.

Gently now the creeds unite
Round the fallen of the fight.
Flora, too, hath strewn her best
Over each devoted breast.
Immortels bedewed with tears
Circle on the holy biers.

Well may sacred Music bring
Tribute to the offering—
Softly pour the plaintive strain
Where the trinity are lain.
There be the white cross of home,
Planted under heaven's dome.

Deeply rest the saving three;
Mourn, our commonweal'; for ye
Snatched the stranger from the tomb,
Could not save yourselves from doom!
Hearts that love can so command
Make the life-blood of a land.

Such be they that prove their truth.
Solace to the widow's ruth,
Comfort to the orphaned hence,
Lend, O kindly Providence.
Servants of the sister States,
Faith like yours them consecrates.

—*By Frank Bitterend.*

NOTE.—Apropos of Surfmen, the following private letter, written from Rome, and added here by permission, may not be an useless "gloss."—ED.

"THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

"Having taken with me a couple of the reports of this Service to beguile the weary hours of my crossing the 'ocean ferry,' I have thought, since coming ashore, that it would not be unwelcome to you to be reminded, thus by a note or so, of our 'Uncle Sam,' in one of his noblest and most bountiful forms.

"The Life-Saving Service is a splendid army of hardy surfmen, that has existed, as a regular branch of public Service, for about

a dozen years Its chief duty is the rescue of sailors imperilled along the coasts of the Atlantic—that unruly and unmerciful body of water. It is surely, as the reports say, 'an organized grapple with death.'

"It consists of stations, scattered at proper intervals on the shore, each station having five men and a chief, who is called the keeper. From these companies go out patrolmen, to constitute a long chain of manly vigilants, amid the unseen demons of the blasts. 'For hundreds of miles,' the official statement for 1881 tells us, 'of dark coast, beaten by incessant breakers, every night, and all night long, ... a line of solitary men march and countermarch to and from each other, with eyes that ransack the offing. . . . The way is long, . . . difficult, perilous. It lies along a waste, . . . whereon to walk is to trudge, . . . at times, to stumble over stones, . . . or to sink suddenly in spots of quicksand, . . . in the awful solitude of the winter beaches, when tempest makes the heavens and the earth tremble.' When the United States called such trusty fishermen to be fishers of men from out the waves, it started upon one of its divinest missions.

"The Life-Saving Service in action has well been portrayed in a number of *Scribner*—I think it is the January number for 1880. 'When I see a man clinging to a wreck,' said a member of the Service 'I see nothing else in the world; and I never think of family and friends until I have saved him.' Is not this the ideal of duty? As the superintendent reports of another son of the Service, 'The souls of such men as he have entered it, and it has become an incarnation.'

"An eminent cardinal has remarked of what is virtually the same thing—the Coast-guard of England,—that it is the highest form of the truly heroic.

"My chief purpose in forwarding these simple memoranda of

a body of which every patriot citizen must be proud, is to call attention to some of the martyrs of the cause. Here is an extract from the report of 1881, in regard to the sad loss of the keeper and two of his crew, of Station No. 7, Second District, Cape Cod:

"'The surf-boat crew were left to an unassisted battle with the breakers. Their valiant effort to right the capsized boat failed. Repeatedly the monstrous force of the sea tore them from the bottom. Had it not been for the cork life-belts which sustained them, they must have almost instantly drowned; but against the cold . . . they had no protection; and the closing scene shows their vital energies failing in the death-chill of the sea, three of their number gaining the beach, with their souls almost parted from their bodies, the remainder dying in the water, where their brave hearts froze.'

"There is no fiction that is not beggared by such facts, that are in perfect contrast over against the heinous miscreants of murder and of plunder, of every ruse and of every desperation, to whom there is no law except their own will, and whose success must render order impossible.

"This 'surf boat party,' as it is called in the reports, is to me a worthy image of true Christianity, therefore. 'Uncle Sam's' life-savers are an open letter, known and read of all. Their enthusiasm for humanity is no mere drama, no diplomacy of conspicuous ambition. They are ignorant and unlearned, indeed, in much that is going on in the world; but I believe in my heart of heart that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"These reports, that were kindly presented to me from the central office of Washington, have been a blessing to at least one. Time would fail me to collect even a fair exhibit of the facts that are stranger than fancy. They were read out in mid Atlantic, while the staunch old craft was 'chapeling' in a troubled wilder-

ness of elements, or signaling through an almost impenetrable fog, about the same time when our own sweet Longfellow's 'Excelsior' was sung to accompaniment in the dining-saloon, with inspiring effect, in a concert gotten up to aid the orphans of seamen.

"Accept this poor memento. Peace to those watchmen of our home who 'died that others might live,' (Report for 1881, p. 74,) who put themselves, in the best sense, 'as dead men, for the greater glory of God,' into the power of more than heathen Neptune. I send you my greetings from my sunny lodging, that is neighbor to the Church of the Heavenly Altar and to the Capitoline of the 'Eternal City.'

"*January*, 1885."

Allone's Obeisance.

IN answer to your prayer sincere,
The centre of your circle here
I stand; and, without taking thought,
I speak to those profoundly taught—

I knowing nothing. But I ken
Full well your need—as you be men—
This: RE-CREATION. With a bow,
Then, your obedient servant now.

One gift is all I find in me,
And that is faithful memory;

I'll reproduce you—echo *you*—
Quite as poor slave, Blind Tom, w'd do.

So HARMONY'S celestial sphere
Of sympathy.—New worlds appear
By night alone.—I've heaven in view,
Though I in darkness come to you.

My sole professor has been love,
And faith in ONE SUPREME above;
And thus *my* band for work prepares,
My friends—for I am
Yours—and theirs.

Archangels' Hymn.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

RAPHAEL.

THE sun, as on his first creation,
With brother spheres, his rival song
Proclaims, while, by thine ordination,
He moves, in thunder-tread, along.

The angels, with new strength attended,
Behold where thou dost searchings scorn;
The lofty works uncomprehended
Are splendid as their primal morn.

GABRIEL.

While, round about, the earth his glory
Revolves, with wondrous, rapid flight,
And brilliant day of Eden's story
Still shifts with deep and awful night;
Against their rocks the floods of ocean
Foam, dashing each tide broad and deep;
Yet rocks and floods, with dizzy motion,
On, in eternal orbit, sweep.

MICHAEL.

In strife, the giant tempests lower;
From shore to depths, from depths to shore,
They rush, and throw one chain of power,
With frantic wrath, earth's surface o'er.
Along the pathways of the thunder,
Thy lightnings, desolating, play;
Yet, Lord, thine angels praise, in wonder,
The placid courses of thy day.

CHOIR.

Thine angels, by new strength attended,
Behold where thou dost searchings scorn;
Thy lofty works uncomprehended
Are splendid as their primal morn.

—*By "Fritz."*

The "Crusher" Dude: a Photo'.

HAIL ho! to each lass
I'd have just a say of;
So the moments I pass,
Full of *loves*, not of love.

'Twas Maude, and then Grace,
And then Hope for a while;
Devie then in her place,
And then Precious's smile.
Hail ho! etc.

From a lone, shady walk,
With the trees clasped o'erhead,
(So the village can't *talk*,)
Back—heigh-ho! the thing 's play'd.
Hail ho! etc.

A beauty adore
While you think on't, you know;
Then be true, but no more—
After her turn, let go.
Hail ho! etc.

By Echo.

A "Rough Log."

CAREENING jauntily, fair-weather craft,
Hugging the land, while flirting airs waft,
Dances, ahoy! till (Stormy comes ere ween'd),
From figure-head to spanker, 'smithereened'!
Her paint and ribbands cannot help her now,
Nor all the gold that gilds, nor graceful bow.
No life-boat (that "newfoundland" of the sea)—
Nothing but a brilliant name hath she,
And that soon disappears 'neath the tide.
Woe when the laws of Stormy[a] are defied!

---

[a] Our log-man was evidently thinking of the "Farmer's Bulletin" of the Signal Office,—that programme of stormy for our Uncle Sam's freehold. From Bulletin of May 2, 1884:

"General Laws Accompanying Weather Changes in the United States.

"Weather changes affecting the locality in which this bulletin

Sonnet

On a Tableau representing "Columbia" as Pocahontas.

THE background of a savage parliament
Buried in smoke, upon the riverside,
As rock the tan canoes upon the tide,
Rises before me, as I view intent
The virgin mediater heaven hath sent.
With praying look and arms outstretching wide
Across the Pale Face, now doth she preside
Over the "painted tyrant" and his brent
Circle of chieftains! Mystery of love
That saves from her own sire's wrath the form
Tied hand and foot; for, blood-stained, is above
The executioner's tomahawk! The storm
Of the red warriors is lulled; and see!
At last the WHITE MAN, even, is set free.

---

is posted generally appear first to the westward. An area of low barometer (storm-centre) generally moves slightly to the north of east; an area of high barometer generally moves slightly to the south of east. In advance of a low barometer are generally found rain-winds and increasing cloudiness, with rain or snow; in rear of a low barometer are generally found colder, dry winds, and clearing weather.

"A comparison of the synopsis with the indications in this bulletin, taken in connection with the local signs, will, at any hour, enable very useful forecasts to be made of anticipated changes in the weather."

The Rose of Brettony.

SAD Jamie, hind of Brettony,
Whose hut his all must be,
The canton's rose loved hopelessly,
And housemaid Annie she!
And Annie beauty's climax capp'd,
For Hymen's "civil contract" apt,[a]
Yet, rude, mock'd homely Jamie's love,
And nothing was that she thought of
But bagpipe shrill and country dance,
Whose round the buoyant heart enchants.
To pretty Annie, for, the ball
Of holidays was heaven and all.

Maid Annie wept upon a day;
The town its feast must hold;
And she was *dying*, she w'd say,
Just for a cross of gold.
Poor Jamie sells his lowly hut,
And hastes away the price to put,
In secret, in a golden cross
For Annie—never mind the loss.
At evening, to the bagpipe's note,
She danced, the cross about her throat.

---

[a] "*Viro apta.*"—VIRGIL—REP.

To pretty Annie, so, the ball
Of holidays was heaven and all.

Wandering Jew.

I, FOR hardness at heart,
Was with restlessness curst;
Could my crimes but depart,
Happy I as at first;
To the Saver of men
Gave I cruelty then.

To the skullery bound,
As he carried the stake,
With a fatherly sound,
Unto me the Man spake:
"Friend, you'll grant me, foot-sore,
Rest awhile at your door?"

I, a rebel, a brute,
Without reason at all,
"Take your shadow," cried out,
"Convict, off from my wall;
Let us not y'r form see;
You're an insult to me."

Jesu, goodness itself,
Smiling, said: "From this day,
And your god will be pelf,
You must wander for aye;
The Last Day only can
End your torments, O man."

Cupido.

"CUPID'S an 'everlasting' child,"
Oft says mamma, I see.
And adds, with her same manner mild,
"Worse than a viper he."
Now, I should like myself to know
How a sheer child could injure so
A shepherdess like me.

'Twas yesterday that Corydon
Went walking with Glycere;
Right close, right softly they talk'd on,
And he to her w'd peer;
He praised a little god of charms,—
The very god that so alarms
The soul of mother dear.

To guess the puzzle, in some way
To solve the mystery,
I'll study, Colin, on a day,
Our Poet, steadily;
Supposing that he should turn wild,
There will be two against one, child!
And no harm possibly.

—*By Echo.*

Our Captain.

IF, with uncanny hands, we try
Limn forth to-day His Excellency,
An etch, a 'study,' of the man
Is all we draw, nor more we can.

We are as those with pick and spade
Forerun the home that's to be made;
The rubbish clear, the trenches lay,
And then for others pass away.

A sad, rude cast of clay at best—
A fading photo, we protest,
But taken from the life; maybe,
A death-mask only offer we.

A finer touch, a surer hand,
An easier, ye shall command;
And thus the work! At foot of it
Phidias and Raphael might sit.

We be but sailors that explore,
Discoverers of a distant shore;
Pray, go ye in—possessors be,
In name of Him who rules the sea.

—*Echo.*

The Rose-tree.

A TENDER plant, I marked it rise,
Till birds came to 't from all the skies;
At morn, beside my window-sill,
They perch upon its twigs to trill.

Ah! happy birds, a loving band,
For pity cease now; in far land,
The lover of my heart doth live,
He who the song to life did give.

The promise of the new world drew
Him from my side, to face death, too;
But why search seas and regions round
For joys that at home abound?

Ye wandering swallows, that again
At every springtime seek our plain,
O faithful travelers, each year
Bring back with you to me my dear.

The Three Stages.

MY children, long ago, I too
Was fresh and innocent as you,
And proper as I see you be;
'Twas always springtime then to me.
Like you, I loved the happy hours,
'Mid sunny meads and rosy flowers;
And in the dance, when taking part,
I too knew how to charm a heart.
So was I, little children, now
That fifteen Springs had crossed my brow.

Then, later on, (less mad, less glad,)
I chose my mate, for good or bad;
His heart was mine, and came to bless—
To love is such sweet happiness.
At times, when dreamy and alone,
I prayed to the Eternal One

To send an angel from above
To love him with a mother's love.
So was I, little children, now
That thirty summers passed my brow.

And later still—ah! time must be,
As waves are, that for ever flee;
When winter comes in ice o'er men,
How far away is summer then!
But, though Old Age may wear a crown
Of pure white hairs, ere life is done,
The heart, at least, cannot decay,
That we to others give away.
So am I, little children, now
That fourscore years have crossed my brow.

Echo at Bar.

DO I act in defiance
Of chastiser truth?
Do I aim to burke science?
A mysterio, sooth?
The copyright moral
Of men to their art

Do I cross, and the quarrel
'Gainst plagiaries start?
Nay! nay! our word on it—
We are echo—that's all;
And we claim not one sonnet,
Not one thought, big or small.
We sing "catches," faint "catches,"
Of the voice of life's sea;
Since you'll have it so, SNATCHES
Of song. Such are we.

Colin's Love.

A SMOCK white as snow,
A shepherdess' hood;
Then a floweret or so,
Gathered out of the wood—
And *nature* everywhere will
Make the fair fairer still.
Ah! such is her fashion
Who hath won my soul's passion.

Fancy you that my fair
Can be made yet more rare
By your laces, by gems
Picked from earth's diadems,

Or a "body" of frill
Show her daintier still?
Nay, nay, maids; the thoughts are
Illusion and snare.

A smock white as snow,
A shepherdess' hood;
Then a floweret or so,
Gathered out of the wood—
And *nature* everywhere will
Make the fair fairer still.
Ah! such is her fashion
Who hath won my soul's passion.

The Storm.

DARK is the day and inhuman
The hurricane blast,
That spares neither man nor woman,
In iciness roaring past—
The furious, bigoted demon wind,
That shouts in pride, "Ye have sinned, have sinned!"[a]
Now rise in rebellion the waters;
Old ocean is angry now;

---

[a] "Causa teterrima belli."

Like a Titan breathing his slaughters,
To heaven he lifts his black brow;
Against the mighty clouds he hurls his might—
The tyrannic sulphurous clouds take flight.
"Away, ye clouds, superstitious, infernal!"
Cries ocean, in thunder prolonged,
While heaven his lightning supernal
Still dashes down over the wronged,
Now unruly waters; wild dread is the fray
Of ocean with heaven; oh! maniac day!
Now wanes the high tempest, for ocean
Is conquered; his thunders grow low;
His reverberate growl of emotion
Dies o'er the horizon, deep, slow.
Behold! thro' the clouds bursts the rational sun;
The ship rides in triumph; the victory's won.

Jesu is my Keeper.

JESU, he is Keeper—
He is Saver still,
Wilder tho' and deeper
Grow the sea of ill.
He, the offing scanning,
Throws the life-lines out,

Bravely his work manning,
  Snatching man from doubt.
Jesu, he is Keeper—
  Trust the life to him;
Tho' one now be weeper,
  Eyes with woe's brine dim.
In love's life-boat landed,
  Fear not—storm or night;
Sin's old craft is stranded;
  On to'rds home and light.

[For basis of following story, see important article which appeared in *Century* while yet that magazine had its maiden name, anent a Second-Sight as invented and practised by one Max, a Polack, a "wandering" Jew; the secret of whose "miracles," as he in a sense truly called them, confounded everyone till he chose to reveal a *modus operandi* which would have done credit to Bar-jesus himself.]

MAX,

The Blind Seer of Poland.

MASKS OF THE MASK.

CABALA,——Agéd Oracle; a Pythoness.
MAX,——Polish Jew; diviner; augurer; apostle of Cabala.
WITCHA,——Fortune-teller, and player of sleight-of-tongue.
WIZARD,——Reporter of New World; a "body" politic.
SPRITES,——Machinery Gods; Voices of Airs ("*dii ex machina*").
JOHN BULL,——Top-man.

JESUITS; LEMUR: RUSTICS; DONKEY, ETC.

TIME,——The Present.
PLACE,——The Old World.

ARGUMENT.

Doting Cabala, a mysterious Anchorite, dwelling in the heart of forest, finding death to be fast approaching, goes forth at dusk from her cavern, (which winds among the roots of the timber,) and bids her Elves to summon her apprentice Max, who has hitherto been used to attract the people by leger-demain, and then to harangue them in speeches learnt by heart from Cabala, the failing Pythonist. She delivers to him her papyrus scroll, and tells him go study, while she returns to watch her vestal fire. As he is puzzling over the papyrus, the Elves come and teach him to read, in return wherefor, though. he is struck with perpetual blindness. Cabala's changeling, Witcha, appears, to be his guardian angel amid the darkness. Meanwhile the ancient Oracle has died; therefore the twain start upon their mission as successors of Cabala. They begin in Poland, and next are seen upon the stage in Asia, at the base of the Caucasus. Here they meet Wizard, reporter of the New World; he loves Witcha; and so the melodrama closes with trysting scene,

SCENE I. *Twilight in wilderness.*

Enter SPRITES, *flying, singing.*

1ST SPRITE. Well met, fays!
2ND SP. But what's y'r name?
3RD SP. It is, it is—all the same
1ST SP. What is in a name? they say.
2ND SP. All that's in a word.
3RD SP. Eh, eh!
1ST SP. Words, with this or that hue made,
Lizard-like in sun or shade.
2ND SP. All depends upon the light.
3RD SP. You are right; oh! you are Right.
1ST SP. I believe that it will rain.
2ND SP. I believe it won't—again!
3RD SP. I don't know what I believe.
It is true, I grieve, I grieve.
1ST SP. Don't believe what you don't know.
2ND SP. Ah! you can't; I'll show, I'll show.
3RD SP. I believe that I don't know.
1ST SP. It is so; oh! it is so.
THE THREE. What is in a name? they say.
All *that's* in a word, eh, eh!

Enter CABALA, *on crutch.*

CABALA. What! spirits of the breath, so soon
Veering in the hornèd moon?

1ST SP. Does it wane, or does it wax?
CAB. That will now depend on Max.
2ND SP. [*Aside.*] As with sun at Ajalon?
3RD SP. With the magic orb be't done!
CAB. For a Jew can, at his will,
Say to sun or moon, Be still.
1ST SP. So can I, upon my word!
2ND SP. But a sphere hath never heard.
3RD SP. You may say it without end;
This is a free country, friend.
THE THREE. You may say it without end;
Po'land's a free country, friend.
CAB. Bids the Jew the magic cease;
Then will lunacy decrease;
For in Georgia thus, 'tis said,
Mooning myriads are made.
1ST SP. Thus it is that women there
Better than their husbands are;
While the house-wives house-work ply,
Men are gazing at the sky!
2ND SP. Georgia the fair-ladied![a]

[a] Georgia in Asia, at the foot of the fabled Caucasus, has ever been known for the ideal beauty of its women. Indeed, the Georgian generally has been pronounced by travellers as the highest type of Aryan physique. Living, as they do, in the shadow, if not practically under the wing of Turkey, they, of course, are by no means patterns of "the inner man."—*Rep.*

3RD SP. Higher!
There 'Prometheus' stole the fire.

THE THREE. There Prometheus stole—the fire!

CAB. And the Eagle 'fired' at liver.

1ST SP. So doth fate reward a giver.

CAB. It depends upon the liver.

THREE SPRITES. So doth fate reward a giver;
It depends—upon the *līver.*

CAB. Hush, Ariels! hush y'r idling. These be times of toils. Go fetch me the green Pole. My old and faithful trio, invisibly suggest to him my wanting him. I'll 'stick' this very stick.

1ST SP. Screw your courage (there's a joint!)
To the—to the—sticking point.

THE THREE. To the—to the—'sticking' point!
[*Exeunt Sprites.*

CAB. While I crawl and fetch my sealèd scroll of Oracles: they find it obscure who know not the ways of love. Speed you, speed you, my good trinity.—Come, crutch; I am at last a lean and withered hag; "old as the hills," so giddy school-girls mock their nurses. Come, crutch; I need thy good supporting, humble cross. [*Exit Cabala.*

SCENE II. *Grotto of Cabala.*

Enter THE THREE SPRITES.

SPRITES. Mistress! we have sought y'r man
Far and near, as well as can;

Went where on divans were curled
Undines of the under world,
Fair or ebon they, or yellow,
As they lay supine or mellow;
Went where, like the Book on shelf,
Buries he or she oneself
In the silent cloister cell,
Where each bell-stroke seemed a knell,—
And where not? but found him ne'er,
Till upon a sea-shore drear,—
Fishing not the finny band,
But the drowning on dry-land!

[*Exeunt Sprites, courtesying, aloft.*

[*Cabala rising and holding forth in the dark an oil-torch, leaning on a shepherd's crook. The scroll at her feet.*]

MAX. [*To himself, as he gazes.*]
O mother Cabal! in y'r deep sunk eye,
The embers of y'r fascination glow.

CAB. Max, you are a know-nothing quite—
Small Latin, and less Greek, and no Hebrew.

MAX. I am a Hebrew, though, dame Cabala.

CAB. Hold! I did mean you were an Israelite
Indeed, in whom I never did find guile.
I took you up, you know, a fisherman,
Unlettered in the snakiness of "truth."

MAX. Adders sh'd have the flesh whipp'd from th'r bones.

CAB. The nets you cast were of the concrete sort,
And the cold-blooded that you mesh'd were fish.
MAX. [*Quizzing.*] They say that fish is A 1[a] for the brain,
"A 1 at Lloyd's," as is my gallant craft.

---

[a] NOTE.—"A, 1."—"'A, 1' at Lloyd's" is a common British proverb for whatever is excellent. "A, No. 1," we often say in the United States. It, as is well known, originated in ship-inspectors designating craft as "A,' or "B," or "C," etc., according to merit; and so super-excellence was reported as "A, 1."

Max, being a Hebrew, is no doubt alluding to the strange penchant of his tribe to attribute supernatural significance by numerals and letters.

Thus the 276 of Acts xxvii. 37 has been interpreted to mean "Cæsar," or "Nero," or possibly both, according to the numerical power of the letters in Hebrew or Aramaic at the time when that ship is supposed to have been wrecked "by the violence of the waves."

The familiar case of Rev. xiii. 18 is an old puzzle. "There's luck in odd numbers," says the silly by-word; in contrast to which we are reminded of the pretty French song,

"So if it true's joy goes by twos,"

of a single man.

"All one" is an ordinary phrase for "all right." Then, maybe the superstitious Max meant to imply something like "A' one," (as the Scotch say,) for the name of his dogger-boat. . . . To say the least of it, anyhow, "All one" is certainly a case in which "extremes meet." . . . What's in number? The wolf doesn't care how many the sheep be. "The more the merrier." Equally absurd the ancient tendency to augur by sheer numerals. How-

CAB. [*Reproving.*] None are so blind as those who will not see.

MAX. I see! I see!

CAB. Know, Max, that such as you
Are the salt of the earth.

MAX. The "salts," my mother;
For we're a sailor stock.[a]

CAB. That ruddy cheek
That ocean airs have sweethearted so with
Disclaims the sad infections of the mob,
And honest ways of you bespeak a breast
That dogma's dry-rot hath not touch'd. Thus far
I have but used you. Without scrip or purse,
You went into the city, and entic'd
The mass to have their fortunes told to them.
They were the blind fish of my mammoth cave.
"Entic'd," I say; for you went by my sight,
And this did I.

---

ever, the power of a name is shown in the fondness (for one cause or another) of ship companies for the name Lloyd (at whose office ships used to be registered in England). "The North-German Lloyd" and the "Austro-Hungarian Lloyd" are famous lines of steamships. And "Lloyd's" is still noted among the craft of crafts—an office "known like a book" in "famous London town." —*Rep.*

[a] I believe he rejoiced in the—lockjawing—patronymic of Litz-ched.—*Rep.*

MAX. [*Looking around him.*] Then, mother, where am I?
CAB. [*Gritting.*] I'll let you know.
This is, my heart-pangs' son!
The mouth of an infinite labyrinth.
The catacombs of Paris and of Rome
Are but mole-burrowings compared to mine.
I have the clew; I'll let you have 't anon.
Ah! as I stand and hold this beacon up,
Adown an endless o'er-arched stairway seems
My light to cast its resurrecting ray.
MAX. So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
CAB. Max, the whole world's in a Python's folds!
The circling monster mesmerizes flesh;
His eye is on the *genus homo*, and
That Retina doth photograph mankind,
And is the cozening mirror that betrays
As, in the fable, the dog's shadow did.
But to sum up y'r life.
You were a babe
And suckling. You believed it gospel all!
Well done, my good and faithful servant. Now,
Then, enter into y'r reward. No more
I claim y'r service. I dismiss you forth.
MAX. [*Weeping.*] No, no, my veriest mother!
CAB. As y'r faith
Was questionless, the monkey still in man

Aped what you said; and by y'r flatteries,
You tickled them to make of you a seer.
Wise prophet he that mouthpieces men's hopes!

MAX. Then—have you played with me at Hoodman Blind?

CAB. Nay; I have caught you with the tricks of love.
Son, shudder not; I speak in parable.
I (that am "truth") have set my cap for you.

Enter FIRST SPRITE.

CAB. Sh! sh! Ho, Abba! why alone at eve?

SP. The other twain
Do work amain
In parlors thro' the city;
In lovers' ears
The hopes and fears
Of life they sing in ditty:
"It might have been,
It might have been,
But was not—what a pity!"

MAX. [*Starting.*] Whence is this voice? What be these fairies, grandam?

CAB. FATA MORGANA.

MAX. That is Greek to me.

CAB. "Unto one of the least of these, unto ME."

MAX. Y'r commentary, as says sailor lingo,

Is "double Dutch, and coiled against the sun."
You're puzzling as 'the sailor's mystic song';
Unfold the Log'-Book of y'r signs.

CAB. I will:
You ask what is it that is in the air;
The spirit that is men's remembrancer—
What with y'r holden eyes you cannot see.
The story that I told you was a blind.

SP. It might have been, it might have been,
But was not—what a pity!

MAX. I see! I see!

CAB. Off at a tangent, eh?
So be it, tho'; for I have sown the seed.
It was a blind; let me remove the blind.
Shy not! but keep y'r eyes within y'r head.

SP. Fortune is a fiction, friend;
Conceit itself, and without end;
Fancy's dearest son.
If his failures sh'd be told,
Not the world itself could hold
What he has not done.

MAX. I see! I see! The steam-engine's a fiction.

CAB. Most true; a composition, copyrighted,
And labelled: "Damn'd be he that adds to it!"
Proved to have been revealed to Watt alone,
Quite perfect and entire—monopoly.

MAX. He adds not to, who reproduces man;
And reproduction proves virility.
SP. Change the weather! make it warm
For the workers of the charm.
CAB. Maximus, I see that not in vain
I found you and initiated you.
Schooled by the rough waves of experience,
You yet have had a compass from my crypt.
MAX. One truth, you said, was as a rising sun,
To which your art was but as morning-star.
The fact of this United States hath taught
Better than have the universities,—
Better than have the systems and the books.[a]
That is, then, Teacher. There in other form
The Son of Man is manifested; other
Only in robe—to the eye's eye the same
Yesterday, for ever, as to-day,
The everlasting gospel of the truth.
CAB. The robe of history is never old.
You have been an apt scholar, little Max:
To say the least of lessons you have learnt,
You like to give examples of a rule.
Word-worshipers sh'd be in penitentiary.
MAX. Stripe-clad like wasp, and head-shavèd like monk.

[a] An echo of a saying of one of those *presidential* men, the Adamses.

CAB. So, then, you've profited within my grotto.

[*Re-enter Sprites, singing the hymn,* "Silent night, mystical night," etc., *and then die away. Cabala falls asleep. Exit Max.*]

SCENE III. *Sun up.*

Enter MAX, *knocking at the Grotto.* CABALA *appears.*

MAX. The dews of grace upon thee, ancient Vestal.

CAB. Heaven's morrow unto you, my Max. We've met
After scarce time eno' for shifting scenes.
Yet I have dozed.

MAX. And I have dreamt my dream.
It was an old, old dream of sleep-walking.

CAB. And yet y'r eyes were open.

MAX. A blind seer.

CAB. Son, I deliver up this sibyl scroll.
Until shall come my date of openness,
Guard with angelic honor this, my trust.
Dread (as the fairies dreaded Demogorgon,
Ere I was disenslaver) to forestall me.
Take it, and use it (like a bayonet-sword),
When you shall have the news that I am dead.
Tho' of much part of it I owe to say
'Tis poetry of neither rime nor reason
Upon the surface, yet between the lines

Read! and what prose is there! Take it, *then*, Max,
And ply it, in the heart and thick of fight,
Against the savage dastards of the dark,
The hireling crusaders of the west,—
Ghouls that hope still to blast home—and burke God—
Pest-friends that boycott Jesus! Take it, son,
This papyrus that heaven's reporters wrote;
Ay, I will tell it thee, with their own blood.
History is the life of God: it is summed up
With character the Called alone decipher
In this old record of the Son of Man,—
Love's old, old story always new. Leave me
To trim anew my torch of olive-oil,
And to thy hermitage repair and study
My book, and go when thou hast learned to read,
And read aloud to all!
And so love truth
With love whose life's a honeymoon.
My new-born,
Begin to study; ay, be "dead in love;"
Then, with y'r eyes opèd, come to see me,
And ere I die I'll to thee give my torch too—
Which thou shalt hand on to thy spirit's heir,
And he to other, and so on forever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a band of Peasants, *with farming implements, etc.*

1ST PEASANT. Hist! here, they say, resides the Crookèd Ogre:
Yon is the rock she touches with her staff,
And up it springs—

2ND PEAS. As Sesame knew its name.

1ST PEAS. Woodmen in horror whisper they have seen her
Winding along with eye like will-o'-wisp;
And swear her glance is like a lightning flash
And blasts whate'er it strikes.

PEASANT GIRL. When comes It out?

1ST PEAS. She never shows her form save after sundown.

2ND PEAS. Many declare 'tis but an old wife's fable,
Hatch'd by the hearth at ember-tide; and liken
This "lie" called Cabala to the sea-serpent.

PEAS. GIRL. I do believe in it. Some say that Max
Follows the weazen Hornie to her cave.

PEAS. MATRON. In sooth as I have heard him, oft me-tho't
He knew things that he had no business with.—
But we are safe while it is open day.

1ST PEAS. Some say this is the Seven Sleepers' cave,

For which the sun alters his course twice daily,
So as to chase the vampires from the vaults;
And well may Cabala seek such a haunt.

2ND PEAS. And who shall cut the *jug'lars* of the vampire?

1ST PEAS. What's that?

2ND PEAS. This lying—for God's sake!

PEAS. MAT. Oh! I adore a coloss'us[a] lie.

1ST PEAS. I don't believe that Cabala's a lie.

PEAS. MAT. Nor I. I do not worship her. She's cross, They say, as setting hen.

1ST PEAS. Or poet spinster,
Or politician that has lied for nothing.

2ND PEAS. 'Tis bad to be for nothing good. But come!
We're talking under influence of the Hornie.
I almost see her crouch'd behind the rock.
[*Exeunt, singing gaily.*

Enter two students, *on an outing; sitting on the rock.*

1ST STUDENT. "Quem vocet divum imperi ruentis
Populus rebus?"

2ND STUD. An echo answers: "Rebus!"

1ST STUD. In sooth a rebus.

2ND STUD. And an omnibus.

1ST STUD. Let's run a 'bus—a patent omnibus!

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[a] One reporter has taken it down "colossian."—ED.

2ND STUD. I see that you believe in copy-right.
1ST STUD. I b'lieve in copying, so it's done right.
There cannot be in these days patented
A god—that patent any may add to.
2ND STUD. If men could only see from out their eyes!
1ST STUD. I'd only add to 't that it should be—patent.
2ND STUD. "Omnibus rebus!"
1ST STUD. By all means.
2ND STUD. Is y'r motto.
Surely the truth—is no—creed's private car-carriage.
—What's that you're reading?
1ST STUD. Pardon! in the "New Birth,"
Sent me from Athen, quite a queer programme,
In honor of old Greece's "palingenesia."
2ND STUD. The resurrection (as 'tis said) of Hellen.
1ST STUD. Out from the grave—of slavery and Turkey!
2ND STUD. So are the States still buried down in Mormon.
1ST STUD. There is the grave of God in history.
2ND. STUD. The grave of God.
1ST STUD. The grave of hope divine—
Thou by thine agony and bloody sweat,
And by thy passion, cross, and burial,
And by thy glorious resurrection, God!

2ND STUD. Ay, we are saved by hope.
1ST STUD. Anchor of the soul.
[*Exeunt, singing the college-song:* "Studentes sunt amabiles," etc. *They prepare their guns*]

NOTE.—Demogorgon—*i. e.*, "People-petrifier." The other etymology, of "demon-gorgon," is, to say the least of it, tautological. This divinity of the dark ages is alleged to have had his throne amid the summits of Himalaya; and we are told that poets have even feared to pronounce his name. Milton mentions

"The dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

The other spelling of this strange god's name (in the Greek) is, of course, the prevailing one, but, in our humble opinion, is no more the original than is "Jehovah" of "Jahveh."

Demogorgon, to be sure, dates back further than the dark ages; yet he may likely be specified as having only been born of antiquity. The history of this dark, shadowy body is

"Like the cloud-shapen Giant
That bestrides the Hartz mountains."

But, no doubt, like that phenomenon, he was simply a reflection aloft of what was going on in obscuration in the valleys far below. Something like this thought may be easily inferred from the fact that he was despotic master of the fairies—those miniature fates, in reality. He seems to have subsided somewhat, as did Mephistopheles at the sight of the cross,—"Mephist pheles," by the way, being another illustration how Greek names, like this same "dæmogorgon," (and, indeed, like that Apollyon, the "Kuklux," that so long lorded it below Mason and Dixon's Line,) as well as Greek ideas, become corrupted.—*Rep.*

NOTE.—Following is likely the very programme referred to by our student.—*Rep.*

[Mark the *Greek's* bad printing—the slips of the Sons of the Type!]

Θέατρον Ἀθηνῶν

Ἑλληνικὸς Δραματικὸς Θίασος

Λ Ε Κ Α Τ Σ Α

Ἔκτακτος Πανηγυρικὴ Παράστασις

Διὰτὴνἐσπέραντῆσδευτέρας, 25 Μαρτίου, 1885

ἐπετείου τῆς Ἐθνικῆς Παλιγγενεσίας

Τὸ Θέατρον Ἔσται Σημαιοστόλιστον καὶ Μυρτοστόλιστον

Μέρος Πρῶτον

Σ Κ Υ Λ Α Λ Α

Δρᾶμα τοῦ ἀειδο'μου Σ. ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑΔΟΥ εἰς μράξεις 4.

*Βασιλεὺς Νῖσος*_____*Λεκάτσας*

Μέρος Δεύτερον

Τ Ο Χ Α Ν Ι Τ Η Σ Γ Ρ Α Β Ι Α Σ

Ποίημα Ζαλοκώστα ἀπαγγελθησόμενον ὑπὸ Κ. Βουρβουριώτου

Μέρος τρίτον

Η 9 Τ Η Σ Ν Υ Κ Τ Ο Σ

Κωμῳδία πρωτότυπος εἰς μίαν πρᾶξιν.

ὑπὸ Εὐαγγ. Παντοπούλου, ἥτις διδάσκεται διὰ πρώτην φοράν.

Εἴσοδος μετὰ καθίσματος συμπεριλαμβανομένου καὶ τοῦ φόρου		δρ 2,20
Εἴσοδος κ. κ. ἀξιωματικῶν		" 1,50
" *θεωρείων*		" 1,50
" *Ὑπερῴου*	λεπτὰ	80

Οἱ ἔχοντες εἴσοδον θεωρείων εἰσέρχονται ἀκωλύτως εἰς τὰ τῆς ζητσειρᾶς

Εἰσιτήρια πωλοῦνται ἀπὸ πρωΐας ἐν τῷ καφφενείῳ ΖΑΧΑΡΑΤΟΥ πρῴην Τσόχα, παρὰ τὰ Χαυτεῖα. Ἄρχεται τὴν 9 μ. μ.

Prelude to Canto II.

Morning Twilight.

Enter The Three Northern Fates. Max *in study.*

The Three. [*Chanting.*] Hail!

First. I am the eldest Nor'n,
Hauntress of the glimm'ring morn.

Second. And am I the middle one;
My time is the present sun.

Third. I, the latest born, at eve
Come on duty.

First. Soon to leave,
(For the darkest hour is ceased,
And that crack that streaks the east
Signals me, a wee time more,

And my sentry will be o'er,)
Quick I say that we with pride
Have your inmost thoughts descried.
Hark! I hear your thrumming heart;
Calm you now, and do not start.
Much the labor will be praised;
Raise the stock, and each is raised.[a]
Yours it is to make men fair,—
Show what ugly ways are their;
And how truth's is to begin
Working outward from within.

MAX. Who be you, in whose sharp eyes
Mortal, as an hour-glass, lies
Thus to be looked through?

SECOND. And told
When his hour is out.

FIRST. [*Speeds away; to the others.*] Unfold!

SECOND. Man, we are your fates of old;
Steel you now to hear the word
That in scripture you have heard.

THIRD. Perish Craft, or justice must.

SECOND. Listen, child of heat and dust.

MAX. Utter! my long-unspared ear
Now can any message hear.

---

[a] "Sublato genere, tollitur et species."

THIRD. Torn and tainted by the strife,
Death already sluffs y'r life;
You that have been man of war
See the temple, but from far;
Other, softer, hands shall build
Noiselessly.

MAX. Be it fulfilled!

THIRD. See a frigate, her whose form
Weathered lightly every storm,
Suddenly, in gallant plight,
Founder in mid-ocean's sight.
So I draw the horoscope
Of great Babel, hell's own hope.—
But the sun goes up; the field,
Sister, [*to the Second,*] unto you I yield.
Jewster, we shall meet again
At the end. [*Hastes off.*

MAX. And welcome then.

SECOND. Son, until the eventide
Of this day, closer at your side
I remain; but, in full light
Of the sun, I fade from sight.
Ere I go, remember, dear,
Tho' unseen, that I am near;
Soldier, in the battle stand.
Like a snowball in the hand,

Shall the fable melt. We four
Meet at midnight. [*Vanishes.*

MAX. [*Sleeps.*] Then, 'tis o'er?

CANTO II.

SCENE I. MAX *at his retreat in the desert, poring over the scroll.*

Enter, above, the fairies, ABBA, BATHCOL, and RUCHA,—*yet invisible to him.*

MAX. [*Reading.*] "Beware of men"—
VOICE. For *they* are beasts of prey.
MAX. [*Starts.*] What now?
VOICE. I'm echo, fated Wandering Jew.
MAX. Of what?
VOICE. The very Voice that's there writ down.
My name is "daughter of the Voice"—Bathcol;
My doom is by tradition to repeat
Along the ages what 't were vain to write.
Consider how love-letters oft kill love,
And learn how words in black and white—
MAX. Breed schism.
VOICE. So, when men say, "Write to us," say—
MAX. I write not!
VOICE. "Carnivorous creatures feed on one another.
Antagonism is the law of life.

Resistance is the secret of survival."
'Tis the old tale of Python and—his quarry.

MAX. Ah! now I see the inspiration of 't;
"Words are intended to *conceal* thought"; they're
At best the virile toga of fierce fate.
They are the wooing dress that hides the serpent!
I thank thee, unseen mentor.

VOICE. Think and thank,
For you might study until you were *green;*
But I alone, the spirit, do reveal.

MAX. Then wisely mother Cabal bade me study,
And then sent thee—

VOICE. To prove the difference.
Therefore we three call thee fated Wandering
Jew. [*They show themselves.*

MAX. I see you, and y'r name is love!

THE THREE. Enough. [*They vanish.*

MAX. Mother, I've read! [*Spirits seize the scroll.*

VOICE. She's dead. You have the torch,
The antidote of poison secret. Lo!

[MAX *is struck stone blind.*]

VOICE. Man, you are doomed to everlasting night.

MAX. I see! I see!

THE SPRITES. [*Singing.*] "I see," the blind man said;
"I see," the blind man said.

Enter WITCHA, *a Gypsy girl, dressed as a rainbow.*

MAX. One thinks of angels, and one hears the rustling.
'Tis midday, and the sun shoots at the Nadir;
Yet here I am—

SP. Eclipsed!

MAX. What go between?

WITCHA. [*Aside.*] A reader of men and women—by torch-light.
I am the mystic flame of life made flesh—,
[*Aloud,*] A Gypsy from the crypt of Cabala.
The fairies buried her in labyrinth,
Where she awaits, as looking to the Maker,
Her resurrection in her child.

MAX. Amen.
May sleepless spirits guard the labyrinth grave.—
But sure you are a godsend, little Palmer!

WITCHA Give me y'r hand; 't may have the "cipher" $.

SP. 'Tis time to show y'r hand;
'Tis time to show y'r hand.

MAX. Then, here's my palm, fair page.

WITCHA. Upon y'r left palm is an N'; no, M;
Upon y'r right, old-fashioned W!

SP. Let not the "left" know what the right is doing.—
And thereby hangs a tale,
And thereby hangs a tale.

MAX. I'll clap my hands; and so a monogram!

Sp. A wedding-invitation: "Max and Witcha!"

Max. Cease haggling, spritely beings.

Witcha. Ah!
I see the W is but two V's crossed.

Max. Into a +? Witcher, I am non-plused.

Witcha. I hope not, Max.

Max. Maybe the M is Monk.

Sp. Nay; 'tis Spencerian handwriting for "Monkey."

Max. I pray you, soothsayers, go not backwards!

Witcha. So, Max, you see I'm teaching you your letters.

Max. Rare thing to be a man of letters - patent.
'Tis God's handwriting, not on walls—on man;
And, oh! how it inverteth history!

Witcha. Max, I am come to be y'r cicero,
As we go hand in hand through this black world.
I have the clew. [*Holding two united balls of thread of India rubber. They start out.*

Note.--The "'Gypsies" (*i. e.*, "Egyptians") are another illustration how there may be nothing in a name.

They are not Egyptians at all, as was once taken for granted, but are Indians –real Indians,—that is to say Aryans. However, they may be also called "Indians" in the American sense generally, if we may adopt Webster's definition, who, under the head of "'Gypsy," says: ". . . a vagabond race . . . living by theft, fortune-telling, horse-jockeying, tinkering, and the like." Tinkering ought to be a respectable calling (though, are they and

SCENE II. *Outskirts of Unknown Village.*

Enter MAX, WITCHA *leading him by the hand.*

MAX. Rainbow, I've learnt y'r language.

WITCHA. So now you see me with y'r iris vain.

MAX. Ah! as y'r scarf was wafted o'er my hand,
I told its colors with that subtle sense

---

plumbers rarely "plumb"?). Maybe tinkers are like "John, John, the piper's son," of nursery fame.

The "'Gypsies," therefore, are likely the nearly spent one of those con-centric Indo-European waves of migration which have, in the course of time, inundated Europe and America, and bid fair to overspread the lands,

"As the waters cover the sea."

The happiest phrase that Macaulay ever used in verse is:

"The Gypsy, Poetry."

Indeed, there is a kind of poetic justice in still calling our primeval Nomads by the conjuring name Egyptian; in naming, christening them after the Copt. These archetypal tramps, these unbaptized foresters, living by their wits, (as the saying is,) are no inapposite namesake of the Sphinx-like Semite, who wrote in hieroglyphics, and earned a livelihood by what law now declares to be "false pretenses," and "having no visible means of support." 'Gypsy lore is a thing that the Ithuriel spear of Induction soon reveals to be vacuous nothing Longfellow, in his "Spanish Student," gives us some nice hints of 'Gypsy life. Yet Poesy, the 'Gypsy queen of arts, might be named "Rosetta"; for (though to the eye as nothing as a ghost) she is still the great in-

The seers of this world can never have.
Eyes have they, but they see not. Color-blind
Are many who imagine that they see.
Daughter, I once was blind, but now I see!
The orb of "outward sense," though all eclipsed,
A new sight is born in me, to transcend
The glorious vast of nature. Now mine eyes
Are shut upon the world, by faith, [*bowing to his guide*,] not sight,
I walk. Dovie, the birds have fed the martyr.

WITCHA. The Swan of Avon and the Secretary Bird?

MAX. Where hast thou seen these, child? In the museum?

WITCHA. No; they are in the air.
You've learnt my language?

MAX. You shift the meanings of the common words.
By permutation, too, of accents, tones,
You have at last built up a book of sounds,
Whereto the lordly Webster seems abridgment.
It needs the memory of rhapsodist
To con such; but, that granted, all's plane sailing.
You ask a question, and involve the answer.

---

terpreter—the rock upon which the verbal air castles (to speak in paradox) of *credos* are builded; and her immortal soul is that transporter, that transfigurer, of so-called real life—the imagination.—*Rep.*

WITCHA. So have we a strange tongue shall non-plus e'en
The learned Orthodox.[a]

MAX. To the market place
We'll go, and practise sleights of second-sight!
We'll show New World by spirit's thaumaturgy.

WITCHA. A sphere where Cagliostro is no 'count.

MAX. Dovie, I translate thee to "Columbia"!

SPRITES. [*Singing.*] Be the wise serpent and the harmless dove;
Be clever—in a word that both Worlds love.
Refrain.—Be the serpent and the dove;
Oh! be clever—that's my love!

MAX. The fays do shadow our way—dog it all!
And so we god the Lorelie of song.

SPRITES. [*Singing.*] And that has been done by the singing
Of the song of the Lorelie;
And that has been done by the sing-ing
Of the song of Lore-lie.

MAX. Rainbow, at best words utter us but poorly;
Hardly do fleeting breaths tell what's immortal.
Then, oh! what cruelty to shape those words
Into a shibboleth t' enslave men's minds,

---

[a] The Greek Church (of Russia, etc.,) styles itself "The Orthodox."—*Rep.*

And gag th'r mouths, and bloodhound them with
priestcraft!
Dovie, I weary of an endless echo
Of foreign gibberish. Undefilèd English,
For instance, slighted in her castle Home,
Languishes while men go whoring in heart
After a rotten carcass of the ancients.
Ah! mother Cabala love's holy chrism
Watched till at last it leavened into you,
Who, thus born out from nature's mystic cavern,
Shine! life's elixir! christal of the times.
The price of peace is war; of pleasure, pain.
'Tis history's end, by labor exquisite,
To bring forth truths; to add all up in One;
By infinite ascension, build to God,
Condensing oft the unseen into power;
(And truth is power;) so, as we say, God *forms*.

WITCHA. Poor w'd a picture be without its frame.
We worship our genius—'tis our constitution;
But basely we forget the framers o't,—
The *joiners*, who bowed humbly to the work
Whereby the canvas of the ship of state
All the four quarters of the compass takes,
To speed—and godspeed—man along time's
vast.
There's no propeller like a good idea.

MAX. And what a fine idea you are, beauty!
Columbia, the "bouquet" of all bouquets!
The magnet, the Grace Darling of the day:
With malice to'rds none, with charity to'rds all.
[*Aside.*] The better angel of our nature, you
Harmony of the mystic chords of memory!
[*A rainbow appears in heaven.*

SPRITES. [*Singing.*] "Triumphal arch! that spann'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me," etc.

MAX. At Sumter's maiden battle, there were hourly,
Of ordnance, crossed and met above the wave,
Two tons of metal in the air! The fortress
Capitulated with not one life lost
On either side,—ay, not a human wounded,
Officer or "man"! So was the Pantheon
Lifted aloft; and so was Re-adjustment
Hoisted at the polls in Virgin State!
And so, methinks, to many another Dodo
Wings might be given. Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

SPRITES. "Not one life lost." It might have been,
But was not; what a pity!

"Not one life lost." It might have been,
But was not; what a pity!

MAX. Then, what a lesson is that history!
What an at-one-ment—for good and all!
But we have got to gossiping, my dearling;
And you may say that you are jewed to death,
Or rather jawed, as ladies by "illusion."

WITCHA. Nay, nay, god-father!

MAX. Ah! you are *my* god-child;
And I believe that we are one in spirit.
Oh! I am played-out. [*Takes seat in common.*
But I'll not be out-played.

"There is more of prose than of poetry about this life." Witness, the newspapers. Prose is, so to say, in the majority. Indeed, to the major, poetry is prose and prose is poetry. Then, if men choose to set up a tragedy and worship it, let them not insist that the parts they may have assigned to us Jews in that tragedy shall be acted by us out in every-day history, or retribution will stir up the majority (against so putting us in iron mask). It is poetry to the management, and tickling to the major, to see us kukluxed; but if these bad manners go on thus, history wil' furnish us with a prose tale; and they who turn poetry into prose at our expense, who "give" a big tragedy at others' cost, may have the prose of it! and, of course, such prose

will be the best sort of poetry for the major. Let them have the prose of it!

[*Exeunt, Witcha singing,* "When this cruel war is over."

SCENE III. *Market-place. Fair-time. In Georgia.*

Enter three monks.

1ST MONK. Yon is a blindfolded man tended by a pretty 'Gyptian. He looks blind as a pole.

2ND MONK We'll go salute him and give him an alms.

3RD MONK. His sight is likely too weak for the light. We will be merry. How d' y', Mr. Cupid?

MAX. [*Sharply.*] How are ye Slaves?

1ST M. How knew you we were Russians?

MAX. Ay and serfs.—I am a thought-reader.

2ND M. Then you are not much given to literature.

MAX. [*Aloud.*] I also practise second-sight! [*A crowd gathers.*]

3RD M. They never love who love not at first-sight.

MAX. Familiarity breeds contempt.

"SOT" IN CROWD. Good! god dog it. What's y'r game, stranger?

MAX. Logo-machy.

"SOT." Log-making!—writing up the log?

1ST M. [*Aside.*] Logomachy—a barbèd word that. Such is life. We'll make him 'sing!' [*Aloud.*] Why wear you the blindfold, my friend?

MAX. For fear first-seers may think I'm 'practising.' Practise what you preach.

Enter a Reporter, *dressed as Uncle Sam.*

"SOT." Who are you, countryman?

REPORTER. I am a reporter of pistols—an informer upon the subject of concealed weapons.

MONK. [*Aside.*] Satan in a booth playing with a guit-ar? [*Aloud.*] I thought you were a husband-man.

REP. I am—practise what you preach.

1ST M. [*Aside.*] We are trump'd by the Yankee—maker of type writers and father of Morse.

2ND M. [*Aside.*] Think you of Morse the Passion-player?

2ND M. [*Aside.*] No; Morse the lightning-player.

MONK. [*Aloud.*] And here you are Star-spangled!

REP. I grant that to assume the American Standard is out of fashion in this locality.

MONK. Would you have all men put on "Uncle Sam?"

ONE IN THE CROWD. Take it away; it's too thin.

REP. Too thin to hide *you.*

MAX. [*To Rep.*] "SAXO—ES—ET—SUPER—HOC—EGO."

REP. So are we by big Latin and more Greek—*Pōl-ished.* And this is Georgia! where woman blooms in her Edenic splendor.

"SOT." [*Confusedly.*] And—man—too—in—his—splenetic—endor.

REP. Are the Georgians, then, too, disciples of Endor, the first "resurrectionist?"

MONK. [*Whispering to Rep.*] Heed not the alcohol; that does his talking He is John Bull; once a Greek professor and now top-man.

"SOT." [*Overhearing.*] Te-totally.

MONK. [*Aside.*] How the sad-sea-dog stammers now.

REP. [*Extending hand to "Sot."*] How are you, Bro' Bull? I've been reading your pell-mell "Gazette." John Bull's my top man.

"SOT." [*Stuttering.*] Te-totally. St—steady! steady!

REP. [*Aside.*] Ah! I fell dead in love—like

"—a soldier,
Full of strange oaths—
Jealous in honor—" —

with the blind man's guide at second sight! She's an ideal Southron—sunny Southerner!

ONE OF THE CROWD. Ho! let the professor "see."

MAX. Who are you, voice?

ONE. One of the crowd. E pluribus unus.

MAX. Then step out of the crowd.

1ST MONK. [*Aside.*] He loves to be badgered. [*Aside.*] "See" for us, EGO-ist.

2ND M. Nepotist.

3RD M. Pontifex maximus.

MAX. Ah! ignoramus, that's my name.—I am going

to bridge the oceans—as rainbow overarches land and sea.

1ST M. You're a riddler. Get to work.

SPRITES. [*On high, invisible, singing.*]

Ah! I see; you think of one
Who would us be giver
Of Greek fire; One, thought's son,
Troubled with the liver.

"SOT" Hi'lo'! what's that? Polarized light?

1ST M. [*Aside.*] How Prof. Bull is "sot in his ways." He is a life-sized reflection of Sitting Bull in his war-paint.

2ND M. [*Aside.*] Bull sitting in his war-paint. [*Aloud.*] What's that voice?

MAX. Ventriloquism! [*Aside.*] They say that ideas come from the stomach. [*Aloud.*] The nineteenth century with its liver complaint?

Max and Witcha mount Platform.

MAX. [*To Witcha.*] Our platform is the work of good joiners.

MONK. [*To Monk.*] Mark the ascension of the quack. What is a quack? An embodied voice.

Reporter prepares to take notes.

MONK. [*To Rep.*] What are you after, Mr. Shorthand?

REP. [*Bowing.*] After you, Mr. Monk. Notes to the words of seers. My name is Wizard.

MONK. [*Aside.*] The wizen Wizard of the North.

ONE IN CROWD. Ho! Pole star, are ye ready?

MAX. I am, pole-cat. [*Applause from the mob.*]

An organist in crowd holds up monkey.

ORGAN. What is this, seer?

MAX. [*Looking aloft.*] What is, is, spirit?

WITCHA. O spirit, what?

MAX. This is the ancestral Lemur;
Dewy-eyed, poetic dreamer.
Lines of thought upon his face
All man's history do trace.

[*Hurrahs on all sides.*]

ONE. You are the seeingest seer I'd ever see.

SPRITES. Sh'd all the sea be ink, love,
The land mine inkstand be;
I'd no' write all I think, love,
Nor half the like—of thee!

MONK. [*Aside.*] An idea from an affected stomach.

ONE. Who are these ventriloquists?

ANOTHER. Dead-heads who come to the show free of charge; like the mummy on his way to the cabinet.

YET ANOTHER. [*Pointing to his donkey.*] Lo! eyes to the blind, what's that?

MAX. You. [*Cheers from the crowd.*]

[*Looking towards the sun.*] Declare, O light.

WITCHA. O eye of day, make known.

MAX. This is a Jerus'lem pony;
Looks reflective, as a rule;
Heir of a vast patrimony,
Sire of the dogmatic mule. [*Applause.*]

MONK. [*To Monk.*] Well, he's a mystery.

ONE IN CROWD. I believe he's inspired.

REP. [*Aside.*] I'll go up and hail the fair witch.
[*She at first discourages his advance.*]

REP. [*Aside.*] Love's quarrels are love's re-unions.
[*The three converse.*]
[*Aside.*] Looks like she'd trip not Polonaise only, but German also.

MONK. [*To Monk.*] There's love by lightning express time! I hope he will take a thro'-ticket. He evidently seeks the "compagnon de voyage."

SPIRITS. [*Above, singing.*]
The reporter marries the Indian,
And all is well.
The re-porter marries the in-Dian,
And all is well,

ONE. All are well. It's the dream of my life to be the seer of a new world.

ANOTHER. Now, seer, what is that?

MAX. A consummation devoutly to be wished.
[*Three hands appear in heaven, supporting an inverted anchor, as Wizard and Witcha come forward hand in hand.*]

ONE. THE IRON CROSS OF HOPE!

VOICE. By this conquer.

[*The people gather around in circle in silence.*]

MAX. [*Advancing, the bandage removed, and pointing to the anchor, blessing the two.*] By that image—

ONE. "Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore—"

MAX. Children of my heart, I see you at last
OUT OF MANY THINGS ONE.

VOICE. "Now and forever."

ONE. And that is home.

ANOTHER. And home is
GOD.

SPIRITS. [*On high, singing.*]
This is our union,
Future with hope rife;
This is our communion:
Many-sided life.

CHORUS AROUND. This is our union,
Future with hope rife;
This is our Communion:
Many-sided life. [*Exeunt.*

NOTE.—The following programme (printed, too, out in mid-sea, by means of the little apparatus generally used during the voyage to prepare the daily "Menus,") of quite "an impromptu affair" on the part of certain—very obliging, surely—performers, composers, writers, and players, (amateur and professional,) is added,

as being a report (now that one looks back to that charming soirée) of an episode of ocean-life. The mythical "*B*——*a Times*" is, of course, a pleasantry. About the only liberty I have taken with this "Menu" (and people are freer at sea, mostly, than elsewhere!) is the, no doubt, suiting one of not giving in full the names of the—ever-to-be-remembered—"personnel."—*Rep.*

H. M. S. "B——A" (Capt. H. M——).

A CONCERT

Will be held in the Saloon

TO-NIGHT, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1884.

Concert to commence at 8–0.

Chairman,——R—— S——, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

Address,——The Chairman.
Duet (Piano),——"Faust,"——Mrs. T—— and Miss K—— B——.
Recitation,——Miss A. A. G——.
Pianoforte Solo,——Miss O'M——.
Duet (Vocal),——"Excelsior,"——Mr. R. de K—— and Mr. H—— B——.
Comic Song,——Mr. R. R—— H——.
Song,——Mr. R. de K——.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

Pianoforte Solo,——"Scotch Airs,"——Miss A. G. A——.
Song,——"Midshipmite,"——Mr. H—— B——.
Pianoforte Solo,——Miss O'M——.
Song,——"de Koven,"——Mr. R. de K——.
Recitation,——"Aunt Tabitha,"——Miss A. A. G——.
Comic Song,——Mr. R. R—— H——.

Accompanist,——Miss K. B——.

A "Collection" will be made during the Interval.

For report of Concert see the "*B*——*a Times*" of Friday.

ALLONE'S SONGS.

BOOK 2.

Ferdinand to Miranda.

SWEET labor this, 'mid lowly pains,
While on thy grace I muse;
Since only toil this guerdon gains,
Toil let me not refuse!
For others in such dull routine
I act the menial's part;
Not in the light of lucre's sheen,
But of thy love—thou *art.*

For still my thoughts thy beauties trace,
Long as these tasks I bear;
Cheered by the vision of thy face,
By truth reflected there!
My sovereign good in thee I find;
Thy presence is to know
Light in the temple of my mind,
Trust, in full rapture's glow!

While thus I teach earth's caliban
To do thy father's hest;
Hopes of thy self make me strong man,
And swell work's gasping breast.

Thou, bright Miranda, art the *prize!*
Thanks, then, to fortune's storm,
That leaves such radiance to my skies,
Such rainbow, as thy form.

Tobacco.

"THY *clouds* dispel all other clouds,"
Tobacco.
When misery our life sky shrouds,
And phantoms gather round in crowds,
There's no *nepenthe*[a] like the furl'd
Leaf of the weed of the New World:
Tobacco.

A magical inventive thou,
Tobacco.
A tender smoother of the brow,
Not like the opium[b] that now
Entrances and then leaves in wo
Confucian worse confounded: not so
Tobacco.

---

[a] "Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up such joy as this."—*Milton.*

[b] Juice of the white poppy (Papaver somniferum.)—*Rep.*

Nor like to alcohol thou art,
Tobacco.
That fires and ashes makes the heart:
Nay, nought such witchery can impart
As *this*, the kind narcotic plan
The Western Indes yield to man—
Tobacco.

The one that does not choose to smoke
Tobacco,
Is not a man I want to choke.
A dame may whiff or snuff may poke.
I only mean to say, I'll *vote*
For you as long as life's in throat,
Tobacco! — *Tecum. Masson.*

WITH downcast eye the half-mute girl
Moves thro' the busy place;
The wavy tresses softly curl
About her marble face.

"She is the whisperer," they tell,
"From birth, till now alone:
Can her sweet voice no higher swell
Than the low undertone?"

And day by day as round about,
She goes to humble task;
The whisperer is pointed out,
The stranger sure to ask.

"So beautiful her countenance,
So angel-like her mien,
That no, not in this land of France
Another such is seen."

Alone she goes to vesper prayer,
Oft as cathedral tower
Its signal breaks upon the air
At the accustomed hour.

"She is the beauty of the town,"
The people ever say;
And sure are you to gain a frown
Who dare to tell them nay.

The Giant's Grave.[a]

COME forth, genius of the west,
In y'r olden armor drest;

---

[a] Cooper's Mountain, Rockingham, Va.

Immemorial Keeper, rise,
Shake the dream from off y'r eyes;
Like an earthquake burst the ground
Of y'r arch colossal mound;
You that lie in spellbound awe
'Neath the marble face of law,
Rouse you, ancient mariner!
See the water, murmurer,
Marches sparkling by y'r feet,
Live as ever, clear and fleet.
Solemn, vast sarcophagus,
Can you ever hold him thus?
While the trumpet-flowers[a] bloom
Blown[b] by nature o'er his tomb?
While to Easter's call arise
Myriad perfumes to the skies;
Incense, as feels mother earth,
Resurrection's glorious birth?
While the sky-lark's anthems flow
To the slumbering folk below;
While all else doth rise again,
Say, shall he himself remain
Supine thus nor heed the life
Round him, nor the buoyant strife?

---

[a] Virginia Creeper. [b] Bloomed.

Hark, sweet echo, ghost of voice,
Wakes about, and bids rejoice;
And a rainbow's dewy arc
Curves along the cloud-land dark,
Cloud-land scattered by the ray;—
Hail, O rising lord of day,
Piercing-eyed, transcendent one,
Bountiful, immortal sun!
Now from lofty Lover's Leap
View I y'r commanding sleep;
Titan of the New World, laid
In the grave by angels made,
And in rich Mosaic spread
Grass and moss[a] and ferns y'r bed.
Waving forest over all,
Oak and pine, primeval pall;
Ah! my heart's this Sabbath dawn
(While the rifle spares the fawn,
And Joy's giddy gliders pause
Young Terpsichore's old cause,)
Buried in your casket-bier
Still bedewed by evening's tear!
Son of heaven, calm stretched forth,
Face to the magnetic North,

[a] Star-moss.

Looking toward the changeless dome
Built for y'r eternal home!
Thus the sun's path shapes a cross
Over you in sign of loss;
Grave, as *real* sepulchre
As at Stratford traveller
Bows to, or that other fane
Christians wept o'er, Moslems reign![a]
Spirit of the spirits, hail;
Truth you are and will prevail!
All about the western shrine
Clustered o'er by clinging vine,
How the children of the land
Point to it with trembling hand,
Scions of "Columbia,"
Rapt as Hinds in Syria,
Fancy-fed at gloaming late,
While the giant lies in state;
With that faith the "wise ones" mock,

---

[a] It has been argued that a giant is certainly buried in Cooper's Mountain, and that the ribs of quartz are his bones. "There were giants in those days," and as the world is thought to be almost infinitely old (the size of the animate increasing in proportion as we go back), mathematically, at least, we soon come to a man great enough to fill the "Giant's Grave."

—*Rep.*

Faith that lives like mountain rock:
Tell in deep religious dread
Of the resting sea-king's bed:
"On his grave by moonlight pale,
Watched by spirits of the vale,
Fairies dance (stars in disguise,
By the moon led, circle-wise);
And the Blue Ridge lies serene
Background of the charmèd scene."
Lo, while far the village spire
Points the worshipers yet higher;
Now hope sees his perfect form
Starting as hath died the Storm;
There he stands, the giant sight,
Face reflecting heaven's light.—
Sweetly blows spring's genial breeze
Thro' the patriarchal trees
Standing sentry o'er his mould:
Tenderest lambkins of the fold,
Nibbling peacefully, are seen
Feeding on him 'mid the green;
Tho' the bear yet shuffles round
The uncultivated ground.
Golden Rod, the magic wand
Flora scepters o'er the land,
Waves its shining length in sign

That this grave we ne'er resign.
And far milkmaid sends aloft
As Æolian harp notes soft,
Adding e'er, in voice of cheer,
Tinkling rhymes, (that soothe the ear,
Somewhat as a watcher's bell
Can collect the wanderers well,
Tongue of bell, that, chiming still,
Answers oft the shepherd will;
Or perhaps as echoing gong
Calls the company along).—
Thus a worshiper I am
'Mid your heights, wild Rockingham,
With the incense of new prayer
Wafted through this Grecian air
So pellucid, so refined,
Lending pinions to the mind;
Lone with heaven's vaulted blue
Softly bounding all the view.
Let the churl that's "Moonshine's" slave
Mock the idea of the grave;[a]

[a] "Moonshine" (illicit whiskey,) so called, is distilled secretly by moonlight. "The idea!" exclaimed the rude swain at the base of Cooper's Mountain; he could see no sense in the new name which now almost universally obtains; imagination had no charms for him, and thus his intelligence felt *insulted*, while to

With loud oaths (the spirit's death):
Drinking zest at every breath,
I will, with yon child (whose eye
Stole the azure of the sky,)
Lost in rapture, bless this sod,
And unearth a very god.
Come forth, spirit! animus,
Spirit of the life of *Us*;
Our one, rise! and lift the veil
Passes e'er o'er death's face pale.
Hidden Man of Freedom's heart,
Buried excellency, start
To the race of faith and love!
Thine domestic, long-lived dove!
Lo, I see you! by th' unsealed
Book of nature now revealed.
'Tis enough; to stronger eyes
Manifest the glad surprise
In perfection; common wealth
Of the future; font of health.—
"Lover's Leap!" where love its arts
Tries, the rostrum of y'r quartz

---

others it is, in the words of the young lady's exclamation, "an ideal grave!"

Pulpit seems above the sea
(Trembling leaves) now facing me:
Each a countenance to fade
Quite as fast as beauty, made
No two[a] like in all the glade.
Ancient temple! love the priest
Is upon this Easter feast;
Moss pall o'er the rich-dressed grave
Yonder laid, beyond the Nave!
Angel birds make up the choir,
Sun the censer swinging higher.
To this waving wilderness,
Priest, y'r oracles address.—
Here the magic of the tongue,
Game of world, whereon lives hung,
Hath been played; here art each card,
Joker, diamonds, hearts; sleights hard
Hath essayed with guarded "hand"
Thus the "fair" chance to command,
In the name of love divine,—
No such adoration mine!

[a] In a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, a lady writer tells us of a church in England where two Virginia Creepers are planted, and which is, therefore, popularly referred to as the place "where the *jennies* grow."—*Rep.*

No! I would not "follow suit,"
Play the deuce, and knave to boot;
But in name of God and men,
Bid our genius rise again!

Hilltop Zoë.

"The queen of the west,
In her garlands drest,
On the banks of the beautiful river."

ZOË on the Hilltop lives,
Ever blithe and chatty,
Best of the restoratives,
Flame of Cincinnati,
Our Zoë—he must climb
Who would see the best of time.

Up above the din and smoke
Of the business people
Lives the sprite that we invoke,
Over church and steeple,
Hidden Zoë!—he must climb
Who would see the best of time.

Zoë Dearborn is a star
Never found to vary.

How we saw her? Took the car
Known as "Highland Mary."
Then to Zoë's—he must climb
Who would see the best of time.

"Zoë is a quick thing." Truth.
But as "cold as Chloë"[a]
When, to "pump" her, fall the youth
Dead in love with Zoë,
Lofty Zoë!—he must climb
Who would see the best of time.

Sailor's Plea.

YE waiting angels, pray for me!
Not men, but fiends, o'er land and sea
Watch for my life of life. About
The hissing wave they spy me out.

Satan's detectives dog my way,
In cunning covert, night and day:
Yet, One Divine, my hope on thee
Is fixed forever.—Pray for me!

---

[a] We asked in vain for an explanation of this well-known proverb; so we were compelled to fall back on our surmise that it is

The Water loo.

(*i. e.*, "*Grove over the water.*")

AFAR in secretest recess
In Netherland was wilderness;
The highwoods locked their arms o'erhead
And green was like a brussels spread:
Beneath that green, concealed from eye,
A treach'rous marsh did ever lie;
Who enterèd that gothic fane
Did never more come out again.

Allur'd by the regaling view,
How oft into the water loo
Did solitary huntsman go
And sink—and vanish—where? None know.
The husbandmen that dwelt around
Whispered that it was haunted ground,
And swore that jack-o'-lantern e'er
Had victims[a] by the myriad here.

---

derived from the fact that Chloe and her folks are stated to have been the "informers," so to say, of Paul; and we never knew that informers, of any sort, were—strictly popular characters.—*Rep.*

[a] "We are merely cheated of our lives."—*Shakespeare.*

I know not; I was never there,
But somehow, like a quaint nightmare,
The water loo at dead of night
Arises often in my sight:
I hear the fiends, that wassail keep
When honest folk should be asleep;
And calls o'erhead a voice too,
"Take care, TAKE CARE, of water loo!"

Notes on "Psychological Physiology."

POOR man! the "diary" and love
Torment him very fell-ly,
The "diary" within his heart
And love within his b - y.

The gripes and love are rabid sl—ts;
That tears the heart and this the g—ts.
(*By a German materialist.*)

The "Communists."

WITH an enthusiasm not too tonic
They preach that men, being all one, be all-on'-ic.

German Beer song.

WE need not tell what Tacitus
Writ on the old "Dutch" nation;
But sure he was no blunderbuss,
Nor spoke without foundation.
We *hope* no brain is in a muss;
Be tacit then on Tacitus;
Himself who understands not us
Must go to father Tacitus.[a]

Old Tacitus is pretty clear
About the former "Dutchmen:"
But, brothers, let's be mute, just here—
Are we now any *such* men?
To say we are, 'cause we love thus—
But tacit be on Tacitus.
Himself who understands not us
Must go to father Tacitus.

Monticello.

LIKE him who died lone on the mountain-height
With God, the teacher sleeps in glory on;

[a] The testimony of this annalist, in the "*Germania*," to the beeriness of the ancient Germans is familiar enough.—*Rep.*

The second of the Twelve that round our One
Stood at the focus of the fiery fight;
High o'er the plain, far hid from vulgar sight,
The master builder. He shall rise anon
In spirit, and bid seers look upon
The past (the mirror of the present), aright!
The Father, that was thorn-crowned with the bane
Of slander, as was Socrates of old,
Must rise as Chief Executive again,
And in his hand the sacred Scroll forth hold
Embodying the idea which amain
The ages aye in history unfold.

ON yestereve ashore from o'er the sea
I lay down on that shore and haply dreamed
From "ocean caves" I gathered gems, which beamed
In mine own palm; and upon even me!—
Poor sea-ill thing, where none but strangers be—
Truth, in the form of the high Virgin seemed
Poised in the air to smile. While the gems gleamed
I woke, and ah! from my grasp silently
They melted into Nothing. Oft methinks
Each truth whereafter one in deep mines delves,
Each flight beyond (and outside our vain selves),
Be but of life's dream now, and all my care

Into illusion and mere reverie sinks;
And all one's labours vanish into air.

The Model's Prayer.

FATHER,—for father is thy name,
That sums all up—from arts of shame
Defend us, thine handmaids, this night:
Brothers and sisters in thy sight
Are all the children of the earth:
Thy name be hallowed thus, from birth
Till death, and thus thy power come,
To watch the daughters of thy home.
Our needed bread give us each day,
Nor let our falling be the pay.
Deliver us from tempters' art,
And keep entire for thee our heart.
Forgive us all, for thou art love,
The same on earth as high above.

Rome, 1884.

Sailor's Riddle.

I'M everybody, yet I'm nought;
Your unit, yet a cipher thought;
I'm everywhere, on land or sea,
Yet where's the eye that hath seen me?

The child of many fathers I,
Have yet no genealogy;
Tho' I am in my prime, I still
Am just as old as any hill.

Before you were, I am; the same
As at the first except in name;
I was in Adam ere he fell:
Mine ear shall hear the race's knell.

Sabbath Morn.

SABBATH day; blessed morn;
For the genius of love,
Of man's sepulchre born,
Hath ascended above:

So the household God fair,
That himself to us gave,
Rose from earth into air;
Angels opened the grave—

Joy that fiends failed to slay;
Our union, our peace;
Our heart's ease; the Day
Of dark Flesh's release.

April 3rd, '76.

To Macaulay's "Virginia."

UPON the rock the stabb'd Virginia lies,
A speechless sacrifice and witness thus
Lest she be slave to an Arch-Claudius.
The river, storming hard by, to the skies
A groan, a murmur sends.
How still doth rise
The sacred incense, and recall to us
A love-lorn form denied its obsequies,
Deserted to the crows.
Oh! tyrannous
And damnèd usurpation, dark incest—
Yet, commonplace and humble Saxi-frage,
That I have found amid the masonry
Beside the river, you're a fable blest,
A parable divine, for this hard age.
The truth shall grow, and shatter tyranny.

Rome, 1884.

NOTE.—In these days nearly every one is suspected of "talking behind his words," that gangrene of language. It has actually come to the pass where I live—Herculaneum, street of the Gladiators—that none but the simple-minded say what they mean. Men shudder at one another like children at artificial ghosts. For "fear" any reader may fancy the above sonneteer (who thus but gallantly contributed his "mite," he said, towards

Jewish Song;

for Day of Reconcilement.

BY ABEL BENJESU.

MY spirit,
That merit
Nor beauty hath,
Take, Lord my lamp on the dismal path!
To thee the forgiver
Live she forever:
Adonai echath.

---

varying the monotony of sea-sickness, against which Allone started his concerts, partly,) to be "thief-slanging," we quote the following from a late number of a Review, by way of illustrating how easy it is to turn everything (including ourselves) into fable, parable, myth, etc.,—*i. e.*, to turn words "wrong side out." If our author above is obscure he would like to be considered then what he really is, an obscure man—and in fact it would seem that only such can afford not to be "obscure." Sham society is one of the chief causes of the abuse of words. He who tells truth is soon told to "tell that to the marines."

"How easy it would be in a few centuries to turn Gen. Washington into a solar myth; Great Britain, a region of clouds and rain, into the kingdom of clouds and darkness. America, with more sunshine, is the day. Great Britain, as darkness, wishes to devour the young day, or dawn of light, which America is about to diffuse over the earth. But Washington, the solar hero, arrives.

Reclaimer,
Proclaimer
Of pardon too,
Be, Lord, our guide to the long rest through.
Through all, through that hour,
We trust in thy power;
Adonai Elohenu.

Light's fountain,
High mounting,
That bids us hail,
Thine, Lord! shine thou on the shadow-vale.
And sing we the chorus,
When it is before us:
Shema Israël!

Adieux!

A GODDESS was miladie Venice when,
Eery with her coral scepter and her crown
Of pearl, sea's president she far look'd down
Upon the madcap waves her subjects then.

He is from Virginia—*i. e.*, born of a Virgin. He was born in February; the sign of the aquarius and the fishes plainly referred to the birth of the sun from the ocean."—*North American Review.* —*Rep.*

Her doges cynosures amid men;
Her smile so courted and so feared that frown
As o'er blue ocean shone her bright renown
And for her vied the pencil and the pen.
Adieu, O virgin daughter of the breeze!—
A new sphere that her zenith knew not of
Is rising west, and thitherward I go.
Thy polity at Mary's feet sat, sees
Itself in other form of truth and love
Ascended there, and spanned by promise' bow.

—*By a Politian.*

Our Sphere.

BY ECHO.

YOU that wonder at our Life
Ask whereon 'tis resting!
"Yours, a world of song; of strife,
Ours," you cry, contesting.
Hark, and I will tell the fact
Minus any mouthing,—
Just y'r idea intact:
Our truth rests on NOTHING.

So you thought? Ha, ha; ye wise,
Take this westering planet;

What supports it as y'r eyes
  Scientific scan it?
What doth bear it up in space,
  Does an Atlas save her?
NOTHING under heaven's face:
  Pray, what can be braver!

So the truth is our sphere;
  And doth need no turtle
To bear witness, lest we fear
  When doubt's arrows hurtle.
This earth needs no miracle,
  No maintaining wonder;
With its own momentum full,
  What vile PROP is under?

Bolster heaven with a name,
  Truth sinks to each wrecker:
Good shall be, that's raised on fame,
  Short-lived as an echo.
No! our Life's of unseen path,
  As light's orbit doth; thing
Self-poised, endless sides that hath,
  Sphere that moves on NOTHING.

The Eagle and the Python.

SCARCE poises she upon triumphant wing
When far below she spies a glittering thing;
Circled on a rock it stares on high
Towards her form with flattery's subtle eye.
The fatal charm of its Satanic stare
Works on her tho' a spirit says "Beware!"
Such thing of state, such mistress of the SPHERE,
She knows the fate, yet draws enchanted near!
She flutters in the toils and stoops to cherish
The monster by whose fangs she fain would perish!
Such is thy awful fascination, vice;
Such Satan's mysteries that our land entice.
Flee from the Horror! look above to One
Alone who can destroy th' Apollyon.

[*A song never penned.*] *By Abel Smiths.*

Solo

of a Reporter. A Score.

"REPORT thyself, Reporter!" seems to say
Each wave of the old sea to me to-day.
What cunning shorthand have I now to tell
My whole self out in brief? others so well

I minute down—why not then phonograph
The secrets of my life? "Y'r epitaph
Is all that need be written after that,"
Whispers to me with emphasis so pat
That arch old serpent "commonsense" yclept:
So truth forever to oneself is kept?
The skeletons locked up by each of us
Don't stand much chance to get an airing thus!
Ah! Providence (that power none understand),
That holds us in the hollow of its hand,
Anon reporteth all; the great, the small,
Alike into its field of vision fall.
Vain, vain is the reporter's eye at best,
Without the soul behind it, or warm breast.
How caitiff then, aliens in sooth,
The "representatives" who boycott truth.

NOTE.—Dear friend, my reader, whoever you may be, I am no country milksop; but I tell thee, after witnessing in Holland the fascination of a dove by a python. I returned home to my hotel and "retired," so set aghast that, "Sambo"-ic sleeper as I am, I could not even doze one wink the live-long night! I marked that dove skip down from the topmost bough gradually to the ground, and then dance with twinkling eyes towards the python coiled about the roots, and finally go and bill and-coo the chill slimy smiling death! Such was the fatal *magnetism* of the pythonic eye that the bird possibly went as gladly and as consciously to its doom as a martyr to the stake. The fascination of

Jesuite.

REMEMBER, son,
How Socrates, in attic story, claim'd
That *he* knew nothing, and was then most wise
Of men, for they, nought knowing, thought they knew,
And *he* knew nothing but his ignorance.
Therefore I am—a missionary here—
Resolving to know nothing.

---

mystery, no, I mean the mystery of fascination, has ever been in dispute, somewhat as the old enigma of the sea-serpent. Amid a London babel of waters in mid-sea once I fancied I saw an eye in the distance that irresistibly called up the sea-serpent—though I cannot vouch for it as an item for natural history; but as to fascination, my skepticism on that idea has forever been put at rest. What an inspired comparison, is the ancient figure of "that old serpent!" See the fine photo', of the spell of it, in "Cain." Time would fail us as well as patience to the reader to have here a half even of such of the Allonean songs as we have *reduced* to writing; yet it must not be omitted to remind the public now and then of the way in which the Allonians put in form the truceless fight of Old Stormy (the Neptune of modern sea-lore), with the infinite serpent. O the slavery of the mischief of just such "fascination" as education has to contend with! We are thrice slaves; slaves of self, slaves of others, and slaves of—the Devil. As one of the reporters of Allone, (ay, I will say it, as one of those who saw him *raised*,) let me say he was nature itself, and that as such he was a perfect revelation of humanity! He was the genre-picture of real life! No attempt has been made

Castle Teutoberg.

ON a cliff o'er the North Sea a castle
(So song says) lay, once on a time;
And the sea-king, afar, a leal vassal,
Oft hailed its white towers sublime.

'Twas Teutoburg, gray with the ages;
Its massy foundation went rock
To the heart o' the earth; and no rages
Of storm would its bastion shock.

But it fell before fiends; and now bruin
And reynard, while high overhead

---

by us to present any such thing as a harmony of reports; suffice it to say that the phonographers differed both in *ear* and in *execution*, and convinced as they were that he was well worth reporting, they, at the same time, all feel that their reproduction of him—experienced as each was in "taking down"—can only be a caricature in comparison with the original. The mere idea of him, however, it is hoped, will be good news to many; and as it is a common saying that even Raffaëllo's transfiguration is disappointing, so we would insist that Allone is but buried in the book; that he is no more dependent upon us than a forever-fixed theorem in geometry is upon any one particular statement of it! He is much like Venice: "Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia"—Love's labor's lost: so says oracular old Holofernes.—[*Ed.*]

The lone eagles watch, haunt the ruin
Where Teuton, the host, lieth dead.

And sailors still swear they are able
By midnight to catch from the height
A sound as of ghosts round a table,
Who pledge to renew the old fight.

So the saying is rife on the water,
The host will arise from the grave
And build home again, and the daughter,
Fair Ida, be queen of the wave.

And Teutoberg, prouder than ever,
Must rise to command the wild sea,
With a new world around; and no, never,
Shall it fall, that stronghold of the Free.

Schuechterne Tritte.

BY "FRITZ."

SCHWAECHERE Horden, wenn sie das sandige Ufer betreten,
Tilgen sorgsam mit Haenden die Spur ihrer schuechternen Tritte.

Hier trinken Voelker das ausgesogene Blut ihrer Feinde:
Scheinbar waffenlos, Andere wuergen mit giftigem Nagel.
Ewig seh'n wir den Menschen gegen den Menschen geruestet.—
So verfolgt den Wanderer ueber den weiten Erdkreis,
"Ueber Land und Meer,"[a] das Bild des entzweiten Geschlechtes.
So bereitet der Mensch auf der untersten Stufe der Roheit,
So im Scheinglanze seiner Bildung, sich mueh'volles Leben.
D'rum blickt, wer im Zwist der Voelker nach Geistesruh' strebet,
Aufwaerts, wo hohe Gestirne in Einklang die Bahnen vollenden;
Oder gern in der heil'gen Naturkraft inneres Wirken.

[Readers will instantly recognize in the above dozen of dactylics a "broken" echo of Humboldt ("the great traveller," as Shakespeare says—we must quote *some* authority in these days.) Nor will they have to go far to "spot" others "of that ilk." *They* have not yet agreed to furnish an index of "sources;" in fact, as far as we are concerned, to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," we confess, our little book of "books" has been mainly made (like Artemus Ward's famous get-up of his newspaper) by the "Columbia" type-writer, the sheep-shears, and the glue-pot.—*Ed.*]

---

[a] A great illustrated journal.

A Salvo.

BY JACK O'HEARTS.

HAIL to our men of Letters! the ne'er match'd,
By whom the mugwump scholar is dispatch'd;
Hail unto A. B. C. D. E. F. G.,
H. I. J., K. L. M. N. O. P.! Q. R. S. T.,
U. V., W. X. Y. Z.! The fairy Moai [a]—
But "hold the Jack back"!—will out, by-and-by.
"Give me mine Angle," Cleopatra cries,
As forth from billiards to the Bank she hies;
Give me mine Angle!—Anglo-Saxon true!—
And you are "taut" O slaves. Of Boycott [b] you?
The Fenian sham-rock that our banco Drones
Worship in secret, for ill-work atones?
"English the Ball!" in lingo of the *Cue;*
And show the "Dark-ies" what the Goth can do.
"When Goths were Goths," [c] Eleusis and her scenes
Sank into Smithers—into Smithereens;

---

[a] "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."—*Malvolio.*

[b] Etymology of "boycott":

"We kneeling see
Her and the *Boy-God.*"

What 's in a name, I ask.

[c] Shakespeare's "Titus Adronicus."

So shall at last before "Revealing Day,"[a]
Craft's pythoness and nightmare snail away.
Hail, men of Letters! Bro's in law!
Before you all the earth must bow in awe?
The crazy jumble of the thieves'-slang heard
Becomes[b] that "*Greek Lie*" that you dub "The Word."
Hail to our men of Letters! the ne'er match'd,
By whom the mugwump scholar is dispatch'd!

Logic of Events.

A SAGE, with Hegel's Logic spread
Across his knees, scratched sore his head
In thinking how one idea led
To others, as Sir Hegel said—
Abstracted—abstracting—the abstract;
When, thro' the garden's foliage
Two pink-white arms flew round the sage,
And clasped him in so sweet a cage
He lost all thought of Hegel's page—
Concreted—concreting—the Concrete.

---

[a] Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's Mask.

[b] "The place
Became religion."—*Manfred.*
—*Rep.*

Andromache.

AND stonewall Hector left the plain of Troy
To meet at home the fair Andromache;
But found her not, for with her child, the boy
The Trojans fondly named their Hope, had she
Now sought the tower, in eager wish to see
The battle from the lofty parapet,
And offer up to Jove her tearful plea
For Troy, as far below the armies met
In mortal fray and fought till earth was crimson-wet.

Scarce at the palace threshold, sad he learned
That both were gone together, she to pray
That Hector might not perish; and returned
The way he came, without one thought that they
Sh'd living meet; when, at the high gateway,
Whom sees he but his queenly wife and child
In haste to hail him! he, their infant, lay
Starlike upon her breast now beating wild
With joy. And Hector stood and silent gazed and smiled

Upon them. Quick she grasped her husband's hand,
And sobbed aloud in anguish. "Soon," she said,
"Must death be yours, and soon must we two stand,
In this world, all alone. When Hector's dead,

Andromache will never cease to shed
Love's tears. I am the last of all my race,
An orphan now. The son of Thetis sped
The wingèd shaft that paled my father's face,
Whom nymphs bemoaned and dressed with elms his resting place.

"My brothers all have sunk before the might
Of that same hero, our unwearied foe;
The queen who ruled beneath the Placian height,
My tender mother died by Dian's bow,
And every friend has perished long ago.
Then, Hector, you are all to me and him,
Our life, our hope, the only aid we know;
Oh! leave us not to terrors dark and grim;
Behold a mother's eye with tears of pleading dim!"

The soldier answered, "Well, I feel for you,
For wife and only child; but Troy is pressed
And needs her courage; she must have her due
From all her children. Hector cannot rest
While comrades call him and are sore distressed;
And Xanthus pours into the deep a tide
Of Trojan blood. Alas! 'tis fate's behest
That Troy be crossed; but I cannot abide
That mournful hour; ere then this captain must have died.

"The deepest pain I bear is your sad fate,
Andromache; to think of those dark years
When you must live a slave, compelled to wait
On Argive dames, and hear the heartless jeers
Of victors. Some, perhaps, will mark your tears
And say, 'Behold the wife of Hector chief,
Stonewall of Troy, the man that spread such fears
In war.' Death make your day of slavery brief;
May I be dead and gone ere such shall be your grief!"

Then Hector proudly stretched his eager arm
Toward his child, and smiled to see him quail
And quake and quickly shrink in wild alarm
Before the crest that nodded in the gale.
With helmet doffed, the cheek no longer pale,
He fondly pressed; then prayed that heaven might fire
His child with valor that would never fail
In danger's moment, and all Troy admire
The champion's son, and say, "How greater than his sire!"

"And may he always cheer his mother's heart,"
He said, and placed within her arms their son,
On whom she laughed in tears, that soon must start
In fresh abundance. Surely grief had done
Its work on that wan face, whence yet full shone

The soul within. And then did Hector plight
His last farewell; and slowly have begun
The homeward way, a mother marble-white
With woe, and One, whose infant-heart can but be Light.

Notes

From a "Log-book."

"For your sake
Am I this patient log-man."
—*Ferdinand to Miranda.*

HOW many are the reasons men get wrecked?
As many as are slips 'tween cup and lip.
Old Stormy cometh when we least expect.
Some study not the "mystery of the ship,"
And scorn the chart long ages did perfect.
So Stormy brings their mock true, "Let her R. I. P."
Some vainly spread more sail than they can carry,
And wake up when they've gone down—to Old Harry.

Some burst th'r boiler—now the stomach of
A steamer is its boiler. They "o'er-feed,"
And find themselves one fine morn blown above.
Some get run into when they give no heed;

More cargo take than can propeller shove;
Some get into a "Dutch Fog" lost indeed,
And run afoul of reefs, snags, quicksands soon:
Comes Monitor and blows them at the moon.

Pilot a very John-a-Dreams may be,
  Suffering with "absence of mind"—and Pilot ought
The will be of a "Ladie of the sea."
  Some have less good old ballast, sober thought,
And brawl against the Master's polity,
And mutiny—un-civil war!—for nought.
But superstition curses most y'r Tar;
And things that are not, ruin things that are.

Bacon is powerful to make you thirsty;
  As the hart pants for the water-brook, so pants he,
Who tastes him, for true knowledge. Most books, bursty
  As bubbles, you contemn like necromancy;
But he who made induction science first, he
Induces you to work (not on your fancy),
On what's around you, sets you to relying
Upon yourself and boldly, closely prying.

Things, truth, that bear thy likeness form a locket
  About my heart of heart, and I have lent 'em
My all; may not be much within the pocket
  To yield a rich and radiant per centum;

Yet shall it serve, as lawyers say, for "docket,
Docquet, or doggett (Lat. documentum)"—
See Brande, sub voce, Harpers, '43—to
Protest for thee and give, t' imposture, veto.

Blessed is youth! it is the hour of dreams,
Of inspiration and unselfishness;
Of vast ideals and of Polar schemes;
Of plans to save the universe—no less.
Blest is the youth; to him all is that seems;
Nature regales him with her warm caress.
"To him is given the future—with its bubbles,
Its sad successes, and its merrie troubles."[a]

What hapless and forever scornful fate
Was thine, O waxen-wingèd Icarus,
Whilst proudly soaring mindless of thy mate!
Beware of ending lamentably thus,
Ye who on sense's pinions self-elate
Would mount to secret heights unmeant for us,
Triumphant strut where Gabriel never trod,
And calmly search the very face of God.

[a] This last couplet is from a somewhat lengthy, and equally fine piece, written lately, during a voyage to find the North Pole, by a sailor, who perished soon after, as have so many before him in this seductive search.—*Rep.*

To "know the ropes" of Uncle Sam's big craft
Columbia; to play those strings skilfully;
By "tacking" to make hostile winds to waft;
To *keep* the Log-book of its History;
How needful ever to look fore and aft!
To have, lest the Columbians[a] mutiny,
The "kind, life-rendering politician"[b] scoff'd;
And needful, above all, to LOOK ALOFT.[c]

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[a] We remember how the crew of Columbus rose.

[b] A former reading in "Hamlet;" to have omitted which in subsequent editions of the tragedy is but another illustration of the proverb, "The play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

[c] Secretary (of the Navy) Spaulding once summed up our War of Independence in the following humorous parable: "One day when the Squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar and, forthwith, a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the Squire, tho' in years, was a capital boxer; at last, however, Jonathan 'got him under,' and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever!"—*Rep.*

Jeremiacs.

A Psalm of Degrees, by a Jew.

LAZERS degrade the noble name of Mason.[a]
Oh! what a bed of sand they set their base on!
Go work, ye stone-fac'd liars; not a plinth
Ere long remaineth of y'r Labyrinth:
House of ill fame, of "mystery," ye build
With others' toil; its penetralia fill'd
With charnel of the Virgins[b] ye have slain.
Their violated forms shall rise again
And such a damning accusation tell
That vainly ye for hiding Rock shall yell!
The Mystic Maiden Market,[c] where fiends burke,
Then torture, and then poison, is y'r "work":
This Ganglion of Hell ye did create
To be the Privy Chamber of our State?
Ho, watchman of heaven's Parthenon, arise
And blast the recreants high as to the skies.
Smiths, with y'r arms of steel, let lazers know.
Up, rifle the curst tramps before they go,
These men of "Letters"![d] Watchmen, do not flinch:
Better by far the summary Judge Lynch
Than see the daughters[b] of the workman thrust

---

[a] Author of "*Bill of Rights.*"
[b] *I. e.*, Commonwealths.
[c] *Molly Maguire* strike.
[d] "Let or hindrance."

By panders into arms of Moloch lust.—
Hear, hear, ye laborers! Drive to the hilt
The Sword of justice in these men of Gilt.
Smash into chips the Idols of the Den[a]
Where lodge rank monsters in the garb of men.
There in the centre as "His Worship" known
God Nero redivivus on a throne!—
O Daughter[b] of the People, rise; be shown!

To John Smith.

Air: "Ha ha ha, you and me," etc.

SMITH! since it's a common name
Is it proper? All the same,
Then, I'll sing to one John smith.
Or if better to John's myth;
For I wot that legally
"John Smith" meaneth nobody!
Hail! John Smith, of many One,
Greater then than Washington;
Common Man; of whose great Form
We're but shadows; general Norm,

---

[a] See Bacon, "*Novum Organum.*"
[b] A hebraism.

Thou immortal one; Smiths die,
But John Smith 's the same stand-by
Deathless as the Wandering Jew—
O John Smith, don't I love you!
Men may into smithers go;
But John Smith is always *so*.
Ay, we're Smithers of John Smith;
We're the leaves and he's the pith.
Since the Greek for "smith" is "type,"
Call him Mr. Tupos. Ripe
With old age, or else, "bad" we
Drop like windfalls from this Tree.
He's the Tide of which we're waves;
He's the Fate of which we're slaves.
Captain of the Craft of life;
Aye, with savage waves at strife.
Smith, thou workman! Striker, strong
On toil's Anvil; thou 'rt the song
Of the ages; Auld Lang Syne
Is his history—yours and mine.
Man! thou art incarnate well
In him of whom histories tell,
Smith the saved by Love! And ah!
There thy font, Matoaca,
Hard by Appomattox lies;
Holds a mirror to our skies!

Landlord's Lass.

Two huntsmen were coursing the Virgin State,
And stopped at a tavern one May-day late.

"Ho, host! we be sportsmen; we would come in,
And drink to the song of y'r dafterlin."

"Good cheer to ye twain; but my little lass[a]
The hope of my house, o'er the Stream did pass

"As the sun went yestre'en behind yon hill
Of old Appomattox, and left all chill."

"I've brought for her temples a chaplet rare,"
Wept Southron, "from heights far up in air."

"Sweet ladykin! life itself! where she's lain,
Immortelles, of my faith that she'll rise again,

"Let me strew," mourned the younger; "but tell us, pray,
Uncle Sam, how the angel passed away."

"Alas! 'twas the stray shot of some hand hid;
But the one who sped it knew not what he did."

---

[a] **Her name was Lilian, "airy fairy Lilian."**

"O God!" cried Southron, "I worshiped her,
And now have I been her murderer?"

"Nay, nay," said the rival. "But now, good man,
We'll comfort and serve you as best we can.

"She that sang us 'The Light of other Days,'
Shall be with us forever, in prayer and in praise."

An Item.

YE Natural Historians, behold!
To show the power of a little thing,
Why, a potato murrain hath of old
In Britain spread such fearful suffering
Its consequences never shall be told.
Thus the mysterious all-influencing
Taint, sickness, of a *single* ROOT hath hurled
Hosts down—and changed the History of the world.

From D'israeli.

Ideal Beau.

A LORD of lilies;
A rosewater imp;
About the fair sillies
A courtseying primp.

Art itself; honey tongue;
Flattering;
Grace; god of the young;
"Just the thing."

From mid-eve to dawn
To dance like a faun;
In the language of flowers,
And compliment's showers;
A furbelow fop.
Keeping fashion's best hours;
Of the market the top.
With his poor tortured toes,
At each faux-pas so shocked:
"I" has seen all; and knows
Quite what folks do—concoct.

Makes the eye of belle swim,
With the "german" in him
Altogether divine,
As he "steps" to impart
The Professor's "high art"
In soft patents that shine.
Of the "party" the idol;
In crush-rooms to sidle;
All "ah ah" and "oh";
The Idea of a beau.

A Girl's Heart.

BY ECHO.

I LOVE a revery 'mid sprays in bloom;
I love the meadows and their soft perfume;
The sky-blue rills, the virgin mountain air;
The rural dell for calm and freshness there.
Rapturing object tho' of all
Is he who holds my soul in thrall;
Nothing can fascinate me view
And mind, True-love, like you, like you.

I love the pealing nightingale's glad wake;
I love at eve the sighing osier brake;
The psalm of praise and prayer when work is mute;
The wave's sad rote; the concord of the lute.
(Burden as above.)

I love the arts their charm miraculous;
I love the victories of genius:
The precious glory of my land in song—
And song religion is—and arms aye strong.
Pride mantles in my cheek at name
Of each that adds unto her fame;
But that which fascinates me view
And soul, True-love, is you, is you!

The Clearing.

LIGHTLY the wavelets, now the blast is done,
Curve into spray and shimmer into sun.
Archly we clear the old main for the new,
And misty distance hides the shore from view.
The stern Propeller (staunch idea!) plies
Its fabulous might—Buried albeit from eyes;
Its outward token tho' the seething brine,
And stars phosphoric in the wake that shine.
The bulging wings of canvas stoutly fills
The ocean's breath, that with new life us thrills.
In background far each scintillating light
Of warning beacon slowly dies from sight:
And in the offing—come on duty soon!—
Westers in lead the star-attended moon.
The hope-rich emigrant, resigned at last,
The parting pang, the final fond view, passed,
Turns with tear-dimmed eye to th' expanse ahead
That heaves Titanically in its bed.
High on the Bridge our silent Captain stands
(A telescope the eye's eye) and commands
The busy crew, none drone, the kiss of home yet warm
Upon the lips, which sing the toil to charm.
Piercing the gusts that whistle amid shroud,
"All Right!" the top-man shrilly calls aloud.

Maiden's Adventure.

I'LL rest here awhile at the crossing,
With my gun and horse and dog,
Till the boatman come; and be tossing
Cigar rings up in the fog.

As he pulls thro' the mist dimly yonder,
Drawing calmly his red powhatan;
On Indian days I ponder,
And legends about the White Man.

I turn and amid the hills olden,
Looking down on the new iron track,
Stands Maiden's Adventure rock golden
In sunset; and figures come back.

The girl[a] of the Pale Face, that brightened
A moment ago at love's word,
Starts, clings to her hero, and frightened,
Cries, "Powhatan's men—we are heard!"

Then ominous Shapes, each with quiver
Of poison darts, passionate dash

[a] This is said to represent "the Virginia Dare of history."

Upon them; they leap; to the river
Man and woman rush; plash after plash.

Where are they? I know not. Poor creatures,
Heaven help them. So has struck
Me the unfinished story, my features
Grow dark—Boatman, I've had *such* luck.

A Yarn.

A GRANDAM sat in sweet repose,
A-knitting socks for some pet,
When oh! a fly flew up her nose,
And made her thump and thump it;
"Dear fly!" she cried, "you are a pest;
My poor old nose is no fly-nest,
But an old bass trumpet!"

TO-DAY I look upon the wide, wide Sea
Of life and each man a wave seems to be,
A wandering foaming ripple on a Tide
Whose secret Undertows rule all, beside.
Caught on the snags or broken by the Blast,
Each watery Crest to naught must come at last:

The form of air and water disappears
In ocean that's made up of briny tears—
Vainly *ours* add then to that Wilderness
Whose sum no mortal can make more or less.
What billow yon that seemeth mountain-high
And looks as tho' it scales the very Sky?
'Tis that illusion greatness—highest crest
When measured is but a low thing at best.
Each alike lost in the Unknown Profound
Whose depth not Time himself can ever sound.
Danced on a flood-tide by a hey-day gale
The bubble "I" will over fate prevail!
On, on it glitters, rushing to be first,
And gains the summit just in time—to burst.
So the old Element careereth,
Its flood our life is and its ebb is Death.
Humanity its "periods" hath; presides
Infinite ~~nature~~ Nature like the Moon o'er tides.
The bloody courses of her heat and strife
Only the aye-repeating laws of life.
Tho' bigger bubbles swallow up the small,
Soon the God Neptune must absorb them all.
Ah! when the Deep unfolds its mysteries,
That Deep which has no *was*, to which all *is*,
How the last man Man's vanity will curse!
A mote, an atom of the Universe,

The plaything of the Passions—poor weak Bark—
Chases his jack-o'-lantern Hopes till spark
And chaser vanish in the Dark. Deep dark!
We soon loose one another in the chase.
So wave to wave, and tide to tide, gives place.

LONDON. —*Anon.*

Miserere.

BY ROY CLERESTORY.

HEAVEN, home of perfect light,
Hear our miserere;
For our sons of care and blight;
For the fainting in the Fight;
For the longing and the lone;
For the anguish ne'er made known;
For the hope that toils in vain;
For the prayer of speechless pain,
Hear our miserere.

Heaven, home of perfect love,
Hear our miserere;
For the sin we're dying of;
For the lost domestic Dove;
For the dark ingratitude;
For the melancholy mood;

For our faithless, fatal loss
Of the power of Freedom's cross,
Hear our miserere.

Heaven, home of perfect rest,
Hear our miserere;
For the thorn in duty's breast;
For the cursed and weariest;
For the city of our heart;
For her burning tears that start;
For the tale of all her woe;
In the Raven's[a] shadow, oh!
Hear our miserere!

CARPENTERS' HALL.

[*Serenade.*]

Triangle Player.

TINGLE, tingle, tingle,
In the icy air of night,
With a rime to aid the jingle,
Goes a Gypsy maid in white;
Seems each star that silver-spangles

---

[a] See Poe's "Raven."

Sky to echo the triangle's
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
As it falls upon the ear
With a sound so chill and drear;
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
Tingle, tingle, tingle.

Tingle, tingle, tingle,
As the polished rod of steel
Strikes, anon with it do mingle
Notes that, like a spirit's, peal
From her lips—hark, as it dangles
From the circle, the triangle's
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
And her fairy fingers hold
By that circle made of gold;
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
Tingle, tingle, tingle.

Tingle, tingle, tingle;
"Ears that would my story hear!
None among you, not a single,
But will have a cause for fear,
If I tell of the dark wrangles,
Keeping time with my triangle's
Tingle, tingle, tingle;

One is tempted so to love
Secrets One hath been born of;
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
Tingle, tingle, tingle.

"Tingle, tingle, tingle;
There is an imposing tale;
'Spirits' and the nether ingle!
Truth's eno', *she* will prevail."
Scarce a time her own speech jangles
With the clinking, chilled triangle's
Tingle, tingle, tingle;
For her tongue, such things to sing,
Has a cold metallic ring:
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
Tingle, tingle, tingle.

Tingle, tingle, tingle;
"'Tis a stranger record far
Than the cypher of Chris Kingle;
Do the words y'r judgment mar,
As I hint of masks and mangles,
'Companied by the triangle's
Tingle, tingle, tingle?
Words their own corrective make

That their other meaning take."
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
Tingle, tingle, tingle.

Tingle, tingle, tingle;
So a Romany she goes
Thro' the wee sma' hours; from shingle
Cat o' Nile a shadow throws.
Who the history disentangles
From the chain of her triangle's
Tingle, tingle, tingle?
Soon! or ere that moonbeam Eye
Vanish as the watch comes by.—
Tingle, tingle, tingle,
Tingle, tingle, tingle.

—*By Echo.*

A Note.

"WHAT 's truth?" The real State of things. "Life, pray?"
The sum of Forces that resist decay.

The Riddle of the Sphinx.

THERE came another ŒDIPUS; ere long
He thrilled the orb with trumpet tones of Song.
The SPHINX of Albion said, "Solve me who can."

That *Œdipus* then answered, "It is man;
Humanity thy secret, Spirit, is;"
And bade the Sphinx give up its mysteries.
That Œdipus is what Form? Far unfurled
To his seer's-eye the scenes of a New World.
That Sphinx, that Man in Iron Mask, is who,
That rises now transfigured in earth's view?[a]

"*Dei Me Nun Katheudein.*"

[I must sleep now.]
—*Byron's last words.*

I MUST sleep now—it is time;
God-forsaken in this clime
Of my heart—devoted Greece!
Let me rest; I must have peace.
Dei me nun katheudein—go
Draw the curtain; leave me so.

---

[a] NOTE.—As "Uncle Sam" seems to be here alluded to, I may remark, by the way, that some Fanatics in the States, having found the grave of the original "Uncle Sam," the Provider, are verily proposing to claim that it, in reality, is the holy sepulchre of that "Uncle Sam" who is the incarnation of the States! They are said actually to believe that this latter "Uncle Sam" is the real man, while the Revolutionary commissary was only a sort of foreshadowing him. This may be said to be Platonism run crazy.—*Rep.*

I must sleep—shut out the glare;
Tell the soldiers how I fare,
In the fever how I thirst—
Shall my breast with longing burst?
Dei me nun katheudein—go
Close the curtain; leave me so.

Too much light; I would be laid
Now in the subduing shade;
Thus the hounded stag[a] at bay
Tries the Ocean's trackless way.
Dei me nun katheudein—go
Draw the veil; then leave me so.

Tuton.

OTHERS shall tell his perfect story,
And clearly show the nameless glory;
'Tis ours in outline faint to give
The living picture's negative.
We that, the toilers of the Sea,
Were present at his cross, can (we

---

[a] NOTE.—"I . . . settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes him to the waters."—*Letters of Lord B.* —*Rep.*

Impassionèd) with classic grace
The splendors of his person trace?
Let others show, with love's best powers,
His precious life bound up in ours;
Born of his sorrow to new day,
We cannot tell the doleful Fray.
His risen Excellency then
In deed shall be the joy of men;
His speechless love a saving theme
To wake us from each sordid dream.
Thine unreported Truth of truth,
Thy pitying care—thou son of ruth!—
Shall be revealed to every eye
In History that cannot die.
Alone while in that dismal marsh
The crooning bittern peals his harsh
And envious tones, methinks arise
New psalms of praise, up to the skies.

—*By Minna.*

NOTE.—We're not aware that Tuton is otherwise a family-name in America; but in Slater's Directory, it happened to be crossed not long ago by a friend of ours, in the Reading Room of the British Museum; it was the address of one, John Tuton, baker, of Ayr—surely the region in which the ill-starred Burns lived

"Whyles dazed wi' love, whyles dazed wi' drink,"

as his letter to a brother tells us with Highland openness. On

To Tacita.

FAIR Roman, be this maiden visit aye
The type and the ideal one to me
Of each to come. Arch virgin, I thank thee
At this, my introduction, for the way
That thou hast pointed out as clear as day
To higher spheres. Oh! it is to be free
From vulgar Thought; to know, to come and see
Thyself; thy artlessness, that cannot stay
Hidden from e'en craft's eye. Nay, the conceit
Of art is foreign to thy glorious truth,
Thy simple truth—that is the mightiest bond[a]
Of all. The deities that in thee meet
With holy union crowned by heavenly youth,
Make One to whom love's seraphs must respond.

---

the contrary, the surname Allone is quite well-known, particularly in the form Állon—(that is, by-the-by, the pronunciation of our top-man's cognomen,) of which the *former* is merely an older spelling. A wag aboard ship once went up to Hugh, and told him that the Allones were mentioned in Shakespeare; for in one of the plays a king cries out,

"Allons! Allons!"

See also Gen. xxxv. 8.

In fact, however, a French name Allonne is found. Why may n't the Allone family have been descended of Huguenots, that fled from religious slavery?—*Rep.*

[a] "Hoc maximum vinculum . . . . hos connubiales Deos arbitrantur."—*Germania.*

Hills of Carroll.

AZURE hills of Carroll,
Mingling with the sky,
As you while I wander
Seem forever nigh,
So my Love tho' far away
'Mid your steeps makes near to-day
Hope, sweet hope—
Azure hills of Carroll,
Mingling with the sky.

Azure hills of Carroll,
Like the troubled stream
I have lone been crossing,
Narrower did seem
When I started than when passed:
But hope wins y'r heights at last,
Hope, sweet hope—
Azure hills of Carroll,
Mingling with the sky.

Azure hills of Carroll,
Long thro' thorn and dark
To'rds you I have travelled;
Oft have paused to hark

Echoes, to my hope, of strains
From that Love down o'er the plains;
Hope, sweet hope—
Azure heights of Carroll,
Mingling with the sky.

Azure hills of Carroll,
Y'r eternal brow
Sentry to the lowlands
As at first keeps now:
Guard her well and may the air
Wing to her home my last prayer—
Hope, sweet hope—
Azure hills of Carroll,
Mingling with the sky.

—*By Powh. Glen.*

Lilith.

WHEN the airy wandering Lilith
Thro' the evening shadows stealeth,
Hist! she whispers in the ear
Of a stranger saunterer near;
And she breathes what seems a blush
On a maid's cheek—fated flush!
Ah! a pestilence her breath,

And her hissing whisper, Death.
Thro' the throng she glides unseen,
Spectre pale of aspen mien:
With her finger everywhere
Writes a circle in the air,
For a spell; in full moon's splendor,
Gliding shade of hag of Endor!
Risen from the grave in Jewry—
So 'tis told—with smothered fury
To regain her hoary kingdom, Sorcery's Saviour and Defender!
Ay, her serfs believe she'll save,
And e'en lift them from the grave;
Hail the foul spook holy spirit,
And her sealèd Scroll inherit;
And the lethal exhalation
She breathes is their inspiration.
On she passes like a gust,
Fevered, lonely, crisp as dust;
With a smile of gall; her spoils
They she gathers in her *toils'*
Veilèd Lie; a shrouded chill illusion;
Orient spirit of confusion;
On she passes; mystery;
In the steps of Wandering Jew;
Shadow of his history;

Sprite half hidden, half in view;
Sight each asks if it be true.
On! until her throne she's got
On the DERVISH Witches' Plot:
There to sway 'mid night and storm;
Till the rosy morning form
Of the beauty of the North,
Household goddess, shineth forth!
Yon of ghosty poison eyes,
And the snaky dark *locks*, dies—
For then Doom the lair revealeth
Of the luring, lissome Lilith.

Echo Débutante.

NOW let me introduce to-night
Our little daughter Echo hight,
Who is our very life in truth;
Such fountain is her maiden youth.

She is our book; for her we live.
To her our care and joy we give;
Our darling love, a father's pride
And mother's hope, heav'n with her bide!

So out upon the world's dark wild
She goes that is our bosom child;

Her song be good like milk of love;
And well of charms her music prove.

Your Echo, then. Responsive chords
Y'r heart-strings be unto her words.
May the tyrannic life on shore
Flee like a ghost and be no more!

—*By Minna.*

Thomas Jefferson.

FATHER, from the Eternal City fain,
Where 'mid Power's ruins the weird Image[a] flies
And lusciously beneath these gracious skies
The Rose upon the Palatine doth reign,
Fain w'd I bring to the New World's domain,
And lay it at thy feet a Laurel, prize
And chaplet for the height where thy dust lies;
An offering to thy sacred Manes.[b] Lain
High o'er the vale while hissing icy blast
Doth haunt thee like the ghost of tyrant past,

---

[a] "Imago" was a term in common use for "echo"; also, "imago vocis," "imago verbi"; *i. e.*, the "likeness of the voice."

[b] Mr. Jefferson in prefacing what he desired to be his epitaph uses the expression, "my manes."

Yet art thou placed upon the New World's throne,
Her people's Chair of State. Thy spirit there
Is seated firmly as thy Mountain fair
Rests on God's masonry of changeless stone.

ROME, 1884.

On an ancient, humble tombstone at Rome I found this inscription:

DIS MANIBUS SACRIS
PRÆSIDI . . .

i. e.,

"TO THE DIVINE SPIRITS
PRESIDENT."

We still speak of the "good spirits" of a person; in a higher, tho' grammatically identical, sense the old Romans seem to have spoken of a soul after death as

"sacred spirits:"

somewhat as we may now refer to the "holy angel spirits" of our dead.

Generally, however, the "D. M. S." meant that the memorial in question was sacred, in the first place, to the collective body of the Angels of the Afterworld; indeed

"To unknown divinity"—

that goes to constitute what is divine in history.

Certainly we may use the expression "dis manibus sacris" of those who

"Still rule
Our spirits."

—*Rep.*

When the Rude Nor'wester.

WHEN the rude nor'wester blows
And the offing fills with snows,
And the high sea insolent
Cometh combing o'er our craft,
Leaping, hissing fore and aft,
Like as by Sea Serpent sent;

Then thine image, priceless wife,
Comes from o'er the waters' strife,
From our hearts' Hearth-fire, and quaff'd
Is the spring of peace again;
And I hark to the loud main
As tho' Bairnies crow'd and laugh'd!

—*By Jack Bunting.*

"*Y'r Uncle Sam.*"

I AM a poor and humble citizen;
A quiet neighbor that loves the free air
And open field and prays but to enjoy
The breath of life in peace. Then let me *be*
And go contented thro' my vale of toil,
Bequeathing to my own the blessèd name
Of laborer worthy of his pay. My home,

Where climbs the honey-suckle in the sun
And Robin redbreast bubbles out with song,
My heaven is, and I would not exchange it,
No, not a moment think to, for the world.
—*By one who has seen him.*

The Patrolman.

'TIS icy, glum, and breakers sweep
The white dunes as doth sentry keep
The lone patrolman eagle-eyed
To scan the offing far and wide,
Lest laboring craft or Godsend[a] sight
No sign of Myth,[b] no hope, the night.

Full quick his ear to hark the sound
Of slatting sail 'mid tempest round;
Or if gales bear hard down in dark

---

[a] "Godsend" is originally a sea-word and signifies "what God —or the gods—have sent ashore," *e. g.*, goods of craft, driven to land. Cf. the thoroughly Gothic way in which the English still describe the unavoidable at sea as "act of God."

[b] Smyth, "Sailor's Word-book," defines this nautical term "anything for directing the course by sight." Probably best spelled "mith."

Into the Locker[a] some reft bark
As, naked to the Fiend, she cries
For help unto the dismal skies.

Out o'er the hissing blackness there,
Of German[b] rocket's ruddy glare
The rays thro' treacherous fog are shot
From bleak Cape Fear that pitieth not.
The lost are found! the Servant sent
Is savior[c] Hope's embodyment.

---

[a] "Davy Jones's Locker;" *i. e.*, the ocean as the place where dead bodies were thrown and wrecks lost (as if in an everlasting "locker" or chest). How "Davy Jones" ever came to mean Death or the Devil in general is illustrated in the fact that it used to be a common form of concluding a rustic prayer to say,

"And save our bones
From Davy Jones. Amen."

[b] The so-named "German rocket" is frequently mentioned by the reporters of the U. S. Life-saving Service as one of the appliances of the Surfmen.

[c] "Their saviours."—Report L. S. S.

NOTE.—A glance at any Vocabulary of "sailor lingo" is sufficient to shew that mariners employ, what is to us landsmen, a complete foreign language. Who of the uninitiated could guess the sea-meaning of, *e. g.*, "cant," "doggèd," "ship's body," "bitter end," "double Dutch?"—to say nothing of such rather more obvious terms as "dead rising," etc.

ALLONE'S SONGS.

BOOK 3.

Hymn

To Silence.

COME, holy Virgin, Silence born
Upon the banks of Nile
In Time's grey morn;
That on commanding height of steep
Calm Ida too did vigil keep;
Almighty maiden, pure and lone,
Encircled by the untoucht zone,
And veiled the while;
A pensive pilgrim; come, fulfil
Thy mission; whisper, "Peace, be still."

Celestial stranger, from your path
Creep cowed away
The serpent passions; gnashing Wrath,
And Envy hissing aye;
And in y'r mild sight spring apace
Lilies of virtue, that in grace
Bow at your feet,
Their queen to greet;
And the soft air is freed from breath
Of the cold secret Death.

In raiment light,
That cunning hands in sacred Grove
Upon the side of Ganges wove,
Thrice blessed Mute; minion of Night,
With heaven-directed sight,
And noiseless step o'er hoary moss;
Lady that hast
Thy arms upon calm breast held fast
In a firm Cross;
Hail, who descended erst, that Flesh
Might learn of Thee and live afresh.

Lines

Suggested by a picture representing Theodoric,[a] *king of the Goths, in his character of Roman Emperor.*

'TIS done, the Goth is on the throne
Of Babylon, and rules alone.
The haughty Rome must bend the knee,
Arch President, at last to thee,

---

[a] "The four first letters of his name [ΘΕΟΔ] were inscribed on a gold plate, and when it was fixed on the paper, the king drew his pen through the intervals."—*Gibbon.*

'THEODORIC' is the exact gothic equivalent of 'democracy' (*i. e.*, 'rule of the people'—objectively and subjectively.)—*Rep.*

One who in name and nature art
The people's sway, the people's part;
The *germ*an Democrat whose name
Prophetic gathers still new fame;
Of many one in heart and soul;
Forerunner of Man's Self-Control.

THE "cunning" loco-motive, christened 'man,'
With Adam that its maiden trip began,
Needs much rehauling, a new Stephenson,
Before the upper Terminus is won.
Our body, passenger the Home-bound Soul
With many an interest in her control,
Its unseen engineer love be God!
'Tis wrong in feed-pipe, boiler, piston-rod;
Needs 'doctoring' from pilot to fly-wheel,
In all parts, tender and what not, great deal.
Give us an Idea that works! we lack
Not Switches quite so badly as new Track,
New "Sleepers," a new Bed; new, better, Hands
To run this puffing Servant of all lands;
To manage the Eccentric, rule the steam,
That Spirit that outstrips the wildest dream!
Use well the safety-valve of Liberty;
Oil with new Unction the machinery. —*By Anon.*

The Comforter.

"Comfort ye my people."

WHEN to the changeless World beyond
The precious forms recede,
Faith sees them still, and still as fond
They succor our need.
Risen in Thee, their spirits dwell
About us all the day;
And when sleep casts o'er us its spell,
Their influence guards our clay.
And when Illusion's veil is drawn
From objects of our trust,
How dear becomes, as these pass on,
The One e'er true and just.
Thou One who lovest every one,
Whose elect see thy face;
The same to-day as when the sun
First started on his race;
As one by one the things of Time
Decay or prove but dreams,
Then more and more art Thou sublime;
Sure Hope; while all else seems.

NOW that the stately Craft's pulsating form
Chapels round about and cradles in a storm,

Let's cast an anchor to the windward o't,
And clear the rocks that menacingly jut
Beleaguering the way; the passion play
Of elements whose sum is Neptune, stay!
Thus bring the craft to; else our well-found home
Breaks on the shallow, sinks beneath the foam.
Soon the terrific monsters of the blast
Shall, like gorged tigers, harmlessly go past.
The throbbing engine of her heart is stout,
And they that man her keep a bold look-out—
Engined and built of PROVIDENCE, and manned
By gothic hearts—the frame that free men planned!
Her master husbands her with wisdom's might,
Calm on the presidency's sacred height.

How Fair.

"MANOAH."

HOW fair the rose of dewy morn
That blushes on the cheek;
Of virginhood what gems adorn
While eyes shine pure and meek.
And when the bloom of early life
Has faded from that face,
How is that soul with fragrance rife,
How precious is its grace.

When comes the solemn autumntide,
Beyond price far the fruit
Of love that learned the cross to bide
In faith so sweetly mute.
What hallowed memory survives
Anon the lonely grave:
So deeply blessèd still their lives
That youth to goodness gave.
As angels yet they linger near,
To solace mid the night;
Their voices, when alone, we hear;
Their gentle smile is Light.
First on the altar then of hope
The spirit consecrate:
Oh! when the heart is offered up,
What peace and comfort wait!

A YARN it, that Craft w'd convert men by;
A lie throughout—a lie within a lie;
And laud the Vulgar the barbaric Plot,
The fetich, the ideal touch-me-not,
As virtue figures as a Quixote Sot!
The dogs of Dogma yap at every truth,
And make a manger of the Crib in sooth.
"Dogs, or men!—for I flatter you in saying

That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may
Read or read not what I am now Essaying
To show ye what—ye are.". . . In every way,
Protestant out-jesuiting the Jesuites
Upon the side of mental Slavery fights.
Thus the Life-saving service of the Cross
Ends in Caste's gain and shipwrecked mankind's loss.
The Northern family is born to hate
The worship of the Illegitimate;
For "cujus Solum, ejus Coelum"!—Right
Have none to trespass and obstruct the Light.
The gospel of Good Life that every hour
More proves divine in wisdom and in power,
Is made the fable of the placemen now
That to the secrets-loving people bow.
Past-masters of the art of self-defence,
("The noble art," says cunning Impudence,)
The Scribes, bookmakers to a Steeple-chase,
Pocket the darling proceeds of the Race;
Or else, despairing that, aspire to Fame
That must be builded on the Cause's shame.
God Gulliver the Lilliputian herds
To slaughter drives with Brobdingnagian words.
Let not a rabid cynicism us
Preach down; a cabalistic Incubus.
Must we be "merely cheated of our lives,"

Be 'Jewed to death,' while Hierarchy thrives?
Shall madman make us shadows of ourselves
With screaming Farce? Is he the Sage who delves,
Mid -isms lost, in that abyssmal void
When apish man was hardly anthropoid?
Uncle Sam's Will, the Constitution, 's best,
That says there shall be "no religious test."
His Boys have fought that testament of late,
And proved 't Truth's Deed, Chart of her Ship of State.

NOTE.—(1.) After inventing both the character and name of his now historic Hero, Dean Swift discovered, to his delight, that there was actually at the time a gentleman in Boston, U. S., named Mr. Gulliver! Indeed, the Rev. novelist's book was 'all in ship shape,' as the saying is, when, if I mistake not, the Citizen of the Hub was (no doubt) surprised to learn that "airy nothing" had "a local habitation and a name;" but did not thus betray his learning to the new England man.

(2.) See Blackstone, the inspired Commentator, Vol. I., book 2, chap. 2: "Land hath also, in its legal signification, an indefinite extent, upwards as well as downwards. 'Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad coelum,' is the maxim of the law.'[a] Here the sub-commentator adds: "The lord must exercise a privilege over the copyholder's estate, if, during the continuance of the copyhold, he works mines under it; and a custom or reservation should be shown to authorize such a privilege." Further on, though, maybe, somewhat in another connection, in the Analysis of book

[a] See the fine comment on this text in St. Geo. Tucker's "Hansford: a Tale of Bacon's Rebellion."

Old Politics on "Canvass."

SHRILLS—rumbles—whirrs - the Saxon miracle,
The Loco'! and, of politicians full,
A long serpentine Train drags 'cross the land
Of "free" speech to a rotten Platform's stand.
The world-uniting Wonder from afar
Reeks with the odors of the 'grab' cigar;
While nearer view each grip-sack demagogue
Discovers, grunting like a Berkshire hog,

3, we read that unless "the trespass was wilful or malicious, the plaintiff (if the damages be under forty shillings) shall recover no more costs than damages." These remarks are made in view of there having been no previous 'common understanding' of any sort, nor anything whatever 'taken for granted.' How continually we are compelled to fall back on the 'lex non scripta' of the ever-living Poet's [a]

"hupsipodes nomoi,"

the high-born laws of the world of spirit!—*Rep.*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are now reminded, we may as well state, that a great British daily, in a recent number, has said that the United States, in reality, had an Academic origin! *i. e.*, it went on to explain that our Government was built upon Blackstone's Idea of the Laws of England. In this case, then, the Law certainly was, in a great Apostle's words,

"Skia tôn mellontôn,"

the shadow of the substance to come.—*Ed.*

[a] "That eternity promised by our ever-living Poet."

Sunken in 'wild-cat' whiskey. Loud the noise
Of 'kinky' Statesmen, hoarish self-styled "boys."
Sordor, like a buzzard, soars serene,
Presiding Genius of the nauseous[a] scene.
The keener eye of the Reporter's traced
Dirks, pistols, horsewhips round each fat-head's waist;
For well they wot, this Party, ere they stop
Guzzling, may each to other 'give the drop.'
'S blood! they are in for a free-fight the morn,
And love each other like a Tramp y'r barn!
As tho' awaking from a hideous dream,
Well that the welkin-piercing Engine's scream,
Shrieking under prostitution, drowns awhile
The Fenian clamor winged with Slang's most vile.
Oh! would to God the Engineer w'd wrestle
Agonistes like with hell, and vault a trestle!
No parlor-phrases now the theme demands
For callous "Canvassers," the blood-stained "hands"
Of some foul "Boss" strange Fate's to drive allowed
The juggernaut of Passion thro' the crowd.
So runs the vandal mob of candidates
Disgrace's ploughshare fiercely thro' the States.
Ay, all the air is heavy with the plague
To picture which e'en Rabelais 'd be vague,

---

[a] From Gr. 'nausia,' (*i. e.*, 'of ship,') seasickness.

The poison-breeding hell-fire of their lust
For Office (sacred height of public trust).
Place-hungry Elders dash into the "ring,"
Deal low malignities who Psalms should sing;
Professors, doctors abortive, pandars, stuff
The Sink that, like the grave, hath ne'er enough.
Such is faint photo' of the maudlin gang,
Hard-raving vipers of Satanic fang,
Our Yore let, till each "organ" in each State
Ran like a sewer, with Hell's billingsgate.

A Matin.

HOW fair the rosy light
Is dancing on the lake;
The vines that hail the sight
A joyous tremor make.

O happy morn from skies
Thrice welcome to the shore;
Which saw the Three arise
Who oath of freedom swore.

Who swore not to be slaves,
With words that always burn,

Their sons are free as waves
Bow at thy feet, Lucerne!

SWITZERLAND.

(On anniversary of the oath of the original Swiss patriots.—*Rep.*)

Easter Hymn.

RISING light of endless day,
Sun of everlasting beam,
Grant our morning prayer, we pray,
O'er us in thy glory gleam;
Thou, whose power dispelled the night,
Cast o'er us thy spirit's light.

Let thy Grace's early dew
Rest upon these hearts of ours;
Strengthen, quicken us anew,
Like the meadows' drooping flowers;
Now let all thy people stand
Freshly sprinkled from thy hand.

Glow of love, inspire our hearts,
Driving all the chill away;
Wake our souls, while nature starts
To the gently touching ray.
Thus, arisen in spirit too,
Shall we thine own paths pursue.

Source of Heaven's eternal light,
Sun of that world, shine on this;
Guide us through the land of night
To thy home of perfect bliss.
Thrice thy holy name we bless,
Glorious light of Righteousness.

Virgin Mary

Of Atlantic City.

"Civitas Thalassa."—*Vulgate.*

FAIR haven, where of all the year
The springtime lingereth longest;
Whose ties to me be alway dear,
The purest and the strongest;
While from its sand, as from a book,
I on this sea of Atlas look,
I think how dreams and 'Story vary
As thou from other maids, my Mary.

Blest birthspot of that Sprite, here aye
Her halo seems to hover;
And in yon clear blue sky I may
Her welkin eye discover;
And still her sainted form presides
In my fixed faith o'er changing Tides.

The factious waves sink stationary
As on them moves the Form of Mary.

The beauty of the land, she must
  Defy or bard or painter;
Her presence breathes on scenes of dust
  Life; and not waneth fainter;
And what is vulgar else that breath
With magic Virtue halloweth.
Henceforth there is a real Fairy
Haunts here to me; 'tis virgin Mary.

And thus from out the dead'ning strife
  Ascends serene and holy
Before my view a perfect life,
  Majestic, yet so lowly.
Atlantic City, here, tho' pall
Of dark, like shroud, upon thee fall,
An excellency, luminary
That pales not, hometh: white-robed Mary.

On my 'Rounding' 33⅓ Years.

BY ALLONE.

AT end of May, the 'lovers' month of May,'
So my first *generation* I complete,

Here in mid-ocean; so at length doth fleet,
Into one round, a life-time, as men say.
And now this Song, child of my heart, away
Upon life's waters I dismiss; this sweet
Love's travail, to the care of lover meet,
With panting partings I dismiss for aye:
Go, Echo of my Prayers! in the hour
Of storm and dark, with tireless seabird's wing,
As 'ministering angel,' prove love's power!
'Forlorn and shipwreck'd Brother' solace bring,
And lead the way home; go, my darling Song!
My life! and with thee Heaven go along.

The White Boat.

"O God! what can that little white boat do?" cried the Captain of a brig that was being lost in a storm, as he saw the Life-savers' surfboat coming.—*Rep.*

A BIG hulk that so fast in stress
Drifts on the Rocks in helplessness,
What can yon little cockboat do
To help, that cradling comes in view?

"Run out the maiden white-boat!" cried
The Keeper as the Wreck is ey'd;
And with exulting vigor strain
His crew; the lifeboat leaps the main.

The maddened sea yawned to its bed;
The skies were inky overhead;
The surges rise, a watery Wall,
And crashing on the doom'd Hull fall.

The pilots of St. John[a] are vain;
She strikes the secret snags again.
The saviours catch amid the storm
Her Master's faint, diminished form.

The deadworks of the Old World craft
Fall as the Swell strikes fore and aft!
"O God!" he calls, despairing thus,
"What can that cockboat do for us?"

What can a 'shell of paper' do!
The Wreck is won; its staring crew
The thwarted[b] White-Boat seize amain;
And All home's House of Refuge gain.

---

[a] "Two St. John pilots being of the number" of those aboard the brig, says the Report.

[b] 'Thwart,' bench on which the rowers sit. The 'House of Refuge' is the modest asylum provided at each of the Life-Saving Stations.—*Ed.*

NOTE.—"The steward of the ship, upon seeing . . . the patrol light" [of the L. S. S.] "commenced singing the song popularly known as

"'THE FLAG THAT MAKES YOU FREE,'

A Posie,

From the Home of Shakespeare's Sweetheart.

BY ECHO.

LET me cull you, all to-day,
From where Annie Hathaway
Nestled—Bacon on the rack,
And the old Clock tick-a-tack—
Cull yĕ a boutonnier
From the nest of Hathaway.
Fly with me to Shottery,
To where oft sat dreamily
Annie on the settel still,
At her side the hero Will!
By the garden's arbor hid,
How she lists with drooping lid!
From that Eden let me pluck
You, young lover, for good-luck;
The argot of blossoms well
Such a nosegay'll surely tell.
First, a sweet-brier in the mid
Half by moss and hair-fern hid;
And some nice thyme, too, I've got,

"his shipmates joining in with an energy that sent a thrill through all who heard the melody above the roar of the surf."—*Report L. S. S.*, 1882.

And the coy forget-me-not.
Then sweet-william, by a chaste
Honey-suckle well embraced—
From the household vine that cleaves
Clambering to the thatchèd eaves.
Surely, while a wooing breeze
Whispers thro' the trembling trees,
And yon well that lowly lies
Holds the mirror to the skies,
(Homely font o' halesomeness,
How thy humble self I bless,)
Sure these charms that I give can
E'en subdue an Englishman!
Round the Queen-bee, as the rest,
Cunning masons, ply their best,
Mark what honey doth appear
Out of sweets they stole from here!
So a sweet bouquet for yĕ
From the hamlet Shottery;—
Not before the stem I bind
With a weeping-willow rind—
Blessèd tears! a saving brine
To the Soul, a dew divine.
And a parting prayer I'll brook:
Keep my posie in a book!
Lay them amid leaves of Song—

May the incense linger long;
And when petal, pollen, must
Sink away to vulgar dust,
Turn you, and the mating flowers
(That beguile the lonesome hours,
Springing from the lap o' ground
While the cherub birds call round,)
Will remind you daintily
Of the Nest at Shottery
Ere the Dove had from it flown
Stratford-ward, to build its own.

"*Po'sie*,"[a]

A Happy Milkmaid.

A COUNTRY 'wench' I sing, whose grace
The 'grecian bend' puts out of face;
No nostrum she; no trick of art;
Her beauty's fountain is her heart.
Appareled in her innocence,
She knows no fashion's ornaments;
With chanticleer, her dame's cock, wake,
At eve the lambs her curfew make.
Her breath like a new haymead's is,

---

[a] *I. e.*, "Pocahontas."

Needs not the town's perfumeries;
Spinning when winter days seem long,
Defying fortune's wheel with song.
Old tunes, fair thoughts, and homely prayer.
Attend her, escorts everywhere.
She wants, to deck her winding-sheet,
A store of blossoms white and sweet.

Leusina.

"BY Cæsar God and by Augustus Son
Of God!" o'er gateway to the market-place;
So Athen did proclaim her own disgrace;
Far fallen from the haughtiness up-shewn
When dark Eleusis (summing what she'd done)
Upon the Rock her legend bowed to trace:
"THE HERALD OF THE SACRED, OF THE RACE
OF THE PHILOSOPHERS"—in name of one
A nobody, a nothing now. Aloft
Thrice humble chapels of the son of man
Point (standing mid the ruins) to'rd the soft
Ideal Grecian sky: the Cross's plan
Rising against th' horizon circle, clear
And white as washed by many an angel tear.

NOTE.—'Leusina' is the modern form of 'Eleusis'; so I saw, as, alighting from the outward-bound train of Athens, about the

Madcap May.

IN a cot beside the hill,
Madcap May is living still,
And at sunup to be seen
Hurrying across the green,
Sunny, soft and sweet sixteen.

---

first thing that caught my eye was the name, on the Station there. With my German guide in hand, (the best 'cicero' upon the earth,) I took up line of march right through a waving wheat-field, with Southern eagerness (and human nature is so American!), and soon reached, heart at high-pressure, the hill-top that commanded the scene of so much fallen Beauty.

'Oh! I could weep my spirit from mine eyes,'

as, glancing around over the plain beneath, I viewed there the fragments of the once-mighty Shrine of an eternal truth (the mystic brotherhood of man). I was 'alone in my glory' (as the girls are fond of quoting); for an elderly gentleman (of Peiraieus), Kurios Plato, and my room-mate at Athens, (a jolly, opera fiddling Turco-Greek from Stamboul,) who had solemnly made tryst to accompany me, at the last moment failed to 'materialize.' I suppose they only meant it for that kind of 'practical joke' which is well christened a 'Greek lie'; anyhow, Plato and Aristides left me to 'tramp' it alone. It was a halcyon day of Spring (All-fools-day, I believe!); a few little clouds were floating in the sunny heaven, like bits of golden fleece; and, naturally enough, I went into an old-fashioned reverie over

'Ivied arch and pillar lone,'

as I wistfully looked over to'rds Missolonghi, where the *heart* of

"What a pity," oft 'tis said,
"Madcap May has lost her head;
There along the brook she goes,
Singing songs nobody knows,
Laughing to each breeze that blows."

Madcap says that late in Spring
Come the fairies down to sing;
That they have not long to stay,
And will carry her away
Or e'er come a summer day.

"the mad-cap lord, pert Biron," was buried. But my musings were soon interrupted as if by malice prepense; for at least half-a-dozen undomesticated *dogs* encircled me suddenly, and barked in a fierce concert. However, I hurled a piece of marble, a 'rough ashler,' at the ring-leader, and the whole pack fled incontinently. Then I went on with my reverie; and, turning round, started a step or two toward the west, when lo! I "stumbled" upon a revelation: there, in the lee of the hill top, buried among the high wheat, lolled a "Blossom passing fair"; she was crocheting busily, and humming a ditty. I saluted her (in imagination, not actually.) A very Gypsy she, with hair as silken as the poppy upon her bosom; somebody's dream of heaven! (some one's 'sweet by-and-by'; for doesn't 'Eleusis' really mean 'the future,' 'the to-come'?) Alack! she no sooner found herself discovered, and the spell of abstraction and secrecy broken, than she sprang up like a startled fawn, and vanished—my platonic love (at first sight too!)—*Rep.*

And the children stop to hear
May the madcap talk so queer:
But a Gypsy o'er the lea,
That has told May's luck to me,
Often tells them, "Wait and see."

To a Cold Beauty.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

IDOL of Paris, soul of wit!
Like beauty that was famèd so,
Trojans were kept for guarding it;
Idol of Paris, soul of wit!
But ye two vary here, I know:
They chided her, as was most fit,
Too much love: thou hast not one bit,
Idol of Paris, soul of Wit!

Twilight.

IT darkles into gloaming o'er the scene,
And starts the Sea-God's crystalline extent
Reflect the welkin's starry armament.
A haloed Light mounts to the pure serene
In crescent beauty, like an Orient queen;

And dainty craft whose wings the storm had rent
Are nestling in the coves mid sweet content,
Anchored to the veilèd bed. With craven mien
Now under cover of the sacred hush,
Marauders that lay tremblingly in wait
Glide on their way, as vampire at the blush
Of morn to vanish. Lone our ship in state,
At whose side davids the white Lifeboat keep,
Pursues her Path along the spell-bound Deep.

Note to Horace,

From Voltaire.

OF y'r sayings the sum, "Make the best of the day,"
That I put it in rhyme, Horace, pity me, pray.
A rhyme's a good thing for a gibberish young
Of Goth or of Norman born—limber-jawed tongue.
Jingle humors the ear; y'r Cæsura, quite so,
Tickles—why, I can't say—tho' it cuts up the flow.
Fine rhymes full of sense take a Hearer by storm;
Corneille and Racine have adopted this form.
Yet the Muse of the Mask, I learn now, doth propose,
Stockings down and degraded, to jabber in prose![a]

[a] Supposed to be a thrust at Shakespeare.—*Rep.*

'Tis an Old Story.

A HERRING fell to loving an oyster in the deep;
All day he yearned to kiss her, and dreamt it in his sleep.
The coy and stubborn oyster lay still within her shell,
Unmoved by all he sung her, and few have sung so well.
At last a wish came o'er her to take one hurried view
Of her fair self as mirrored in ocean's crystal blue.
She oped her doors; thought herring, "What better chance than this?"
And thrust his fated head in to seize the long-sought kiss.
O herring, hapless herring, how every fish will scoff!
The valves flew fast together—and herring's head was off.
And as the headless body was drifting, dead, away,
It muttered, "This will serve me until my dying day."

—*By "Fritz."*

Disgusted.

"WHEW! All one?" says our Americ's would-be Lord,
By whom plebeian Jonathan's abhorred.

Forestry Song.

A FORESTER winds his clarion horn;
Trara!—trara!—trara!

And listlessly roves thro' thicket and thorn:
Trara!—trara!—trara!
The roe and the rabbit pass unharmed,
For his heavy heart is deeply charmed—
Trala!—la la la la la la la la la la la!
By the maid he lately saw.

The listening maiden's distant ear—
Trara!—trara!—trara!
Is rapt as the peals fall soft and clear:
Trara!—trara!—trara!
And forth she speeds far o'er the glade
To the spot where the luring notes are made:
Trala! – la la la la la la la la la la la!
'Tis, Robin, the maid you saw.

Then lip to lip and palm to palm:
Trara!—trara!—trara!
And the huntsman's troubled heart is calm:
Trara!—trara!—trara!
"Will you share the for'ster's humble shed?"
He asks the maid of the drooping head:
Trala!—la la la la la la la la la la la!
"Yes," muttered the maid he saw.

The clarion notes of the horn invite—
Trara!—trara!—trara!

To the dance that crowns the wedding-night:
Trara!—trara!—trara!
See the spouse of the Hunter fondly rest
On his sturdy arm with panting breast:
Trala!—la la la la la la la la la la la!
So fares the maid he saw!

Blue and Gray.

WHAT'S a Sunset with no cloud
Decking heaven as he's bowed?
Sky for Blue and cloud for Gray.
So the colors strove one day.
But the passing rack is gone,
And the dome of light looks on
Over graves of Gray and Blue—
Both bewept with tears of dew.
And when rosy Spring comes round,
Blooms she strews on either's mound;
For she knows that Heaven aye
Loves the brothers Blue and Gray.
In the white ray of the sun,
All the colors blend in one;
Heroes Gray and heroes Blue
Meet hands now as lovers true.

House Not Made with Hands.

THE house not made with hands, unseen
Save by the eye of love; serene
Holy of holies; perfect plan,
And idea of the church of man;
Founder and foundation of the church;
The new name, home; in vain shall search
The proud or low for rock more sure;
Of commonwealth the miniature.
Tho' homes may pass like dreams away,
The home eternally shall stay;
The one fix'd lighthouse never dark;
From flood to flood the saving ark.
How beautiful its snowy form,
Unstained by time, unmoved by storm:
No art reveal, no gold can buy,
This capitol, this white house high.
As slaves of silence feveredly
Still hunt the wisp of mystery,
There is an "open house" for each,
Where Truth, herself, delights to teach.

Nellie Arthur.

IN the white house on the height
Nellie lives as its delight;

Who but notes her airy grace
And her shining morning face?
Right about her she must keep
The light visions of her sleep.
Summers twelve upon her head
Childhood's fairy rays have shed;
Dancing heart fore'er astir,
Home is all the world to her.
Angel of the white house, well
Come y'r Dreams true, little Nell!

TO you who jeer that Uncle Sam's "too thin,"
A Nobody, and "homely as Old Sin":
O slanderous reporters,[a] then He's still
A President the "Bosses" cannot kill.

Maid of Holland.

(The Netherlanders' symbol of their Commonalty; image of the Union of the land.)

MAID of Holland, picture thou
Art of life itself, I vow!
Health is blooming on thy cheek,
And thine eyes such spirit speak.

[a] Romans, iii. 8.

Maid of Holland, virgin mild,
Of the throes of war the child,
Ah! the truth thou dost reveal
Makes thee, sure, the Common Weal!

Goldfish in Vase.

HOW like the men around am I,
The mortals that I see
Who come about my vase to spy
Poor little prisoned me!
Their fate is like this unseen glass
That I for ever try to pass
Ambitiously.
Tho' siren hopes as rainbows fair
Yet whisper from the stars,
Man's sphere, unviewèd like the air,
Is fix'd as iron bars.
So obstinately swim around
To pass y'r life's transparent bound,
My wild Tartars!
They took me from my freedom's stream.
This civilizèd pond
Is mine! which I so fondly dream
Some day to get beyond!

Ah! they too, by the Spirits caught,
Fret in a confine, and are taught
Their Doom's hard bond.
—*After "George Eliot."*

Jack's Love.

AT "Áméric's" companionway
I met my fate a summer day!
A lass to New World bound I plied
My heaven to be, the sailor's bride.

I knew a Yes must follow No;
Her mystic glances told me so.
Oh! she was fair as fair may be,
And sparkling as the wavering Sea.

Plato's Idea.

PLATO, 'tis a saying hard,
Edward-like tabooed a bard.
"Ah! 'tis," Muse said, such the fix,
"Hard to kick against the pricks."

NOTE —To pass from the Polity of Plato (who was indeed the Euclid of what Bacon, in his "Fable of Cupid," calls the "kingdom of Ideas,") to what our own Emerson calls the "shabby

reality" of facts, our Father Jefferson in Query XIV. of his Notes on Virginia says: "Among the blacks is misery enough, God knows, but no poetry." Let us not suppose that by this pleasantry of his he means to gird at the Muse generally; for already, in the same book, he has taken pains to remark:

"Homer and Virgil have been the rapture of every age and nation; they are read with enthusiasm in their originals by those who can read the originals, and in translations by those who cannot;" and the frequent and elegant use that he makes of Homer, for instance,[a] in these Notes, proves the genuineness of his love of "the bards sublime."

However, the grand Commoner evidently is under the impression that "our brother in black" is without poetry in the world. Ah! have we not heard, we Southrons, the air echo with:

"Water-millions, fresh and fine,
Just from the Vine!"?

What financiering power is reported here! What rhyme and reason united! This many-meaninged text, no doubt, primarily alludes to Extra Dry drinkers with their 'water-millions.' The 'watering of Stock' is a dull piece of countryism compared to the additional inspiration suggested by the graceful cadence,

"Just from the Vine!"

And then, such Improvisation as this is doubtless the real origin of rhyme. We all remember Lord Byron's dictum:

"Rhyme is of the rude."

What dramatic skill is exhibited by the delicate portrayal of the 'bears' and 'bulls' "smiling" and alert, as

"Water-millions fresh and fine,
Just from the Vine!"

What didos of "art"!

The proverb, "I care not who make the laws, so I make the songs of a nation," is here in ideal. Amid such a blizzard of the "divine afflatus," we may forgive the rather Rabelaisian descent into realism of Fytte Second of this epos:

> "Red meat,
> Full of meat, and so sweet!"

But Fytte Third caps the climax of oracular profundity:

> "Those that have money, come up and buy;
> Those that have none, stand off and cry."

What oil on the troubled waters!

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[a] *E. g.*, speaking of graves above ground, in a note to his Notes, this supernal Seer, whose majestic spirit reminds us of our sainted Lee, says: Homer describes the ceremony of raising one by the Greeks.

ἀμφ' αὐτοῖσι δ' ἔπειτα μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα τύμβον
χεύαμεν Ἀργείων ἱερὸς στρατὸς αἰχμητάων,
ἀκτῇ ἔπι πρωὴχούσῃ ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ
ὥς κεν τηλεφανὴς ἐκ ποντόφιν ἀνδράσιν εἴη
τοῖς, οἳ νῦν γεγάασι, καὶ οἳ μετόπισθεν ἔσονται.

Helen at Troy.

WHILE Helen wove with fair and cunning hand
A robe of purple dye, and graced it o'er
With battles deftly broidered that her land
Had warred with Troy upon the Trojan shore,
Came bowèd Iris, whom the swift winds bore
From Juno's throne upon their airy wings,
And paused beside the loom. For guise she wore
Laodice, espoused and born of kings
And queenliest of their daughters, rhapsody so sings.

Then Iris spoke: "Rise, princess, and survey
The closing combat of this virus'd War!
All pant for peace, and swear that on this day
The lords shall strive alone, and his you are
Who wins. The bleeding hosts shall watch afar
The contest, and grasp hands when it is done.
If Paris conquer, Priam's walls shall bar
You here till death. Else Atreus' royal son
Shall bear you back to Greece, a long-lost prize re-won."

So Iris said, and Helen's memory thronged
With scenes of her bright home beyond the deep,
Of friend and kin; again her bosom longed
For them, and prisoned tears began to creep

Across her tinted cheek: no more asleep
To tender ties, she hastes toward the tower
That views the field, in prayer that Jove may keep
The son of Atreus, and restore the hour
When peace was hers, and hope, and all their buoyant
power.

Upon the tower of Troy's west battlement
Already stood the elders of the state,
That had been warriors ere their prime was spent,
And now gave counsel when Life's hour was late.
Among them ashen-hairèd Priam *sate*
In deepest care. With raiment snowy-white,
Sad Helen neared; and half forgetting hate,
All marvelled at the Dark Eye whose one might
Had given Troy her woes and Priam's days their blight.

E'en Priam called her gently to his side
And said: "Our pains, my child, are not your blame;
'Tis heaven that wills them, and Troy must abide
What that decrees. Look to the field, and name
For me yon Grecian, giant in his frame
And prince in his demeanor. See his crest
Wave proudly to the breeze, and like fierce flame
His brazen armor shine. Sure he is best
As of the stately host he moves the stateliest."

And Helen answered: "You are still my dread
Dear father, and my pride and fond concern.
I would I had been counted with the dead
When first the fiendish fires began to burn
Within my soul, once pure. Full oft I yearn
For death and freedom, wretch that wished to flee
From every hope!—Yon, father, you would learn
Is Agamemnon, chief of all you see,
And kinsman brave and true of shameless thing like me."

"Blest son of Atreus," cried the king of Troy;
"In friends and realm as happy as in birth.
Well may the trusty sons of Greece employ
Such prowess and wise guidance, that are worth
An army's strength, and more—and none of earth
Can claim such ranks as marshal to y'r call.—
And who is he with breast of ample girth,
That walks the files as tho' to hold with all
Some sage surmise how Fate's uplifted hand shall fall?"

"He," Helen answered, "is the top of craft;
Ulysses, lord of Ithac's stony isle;
Whose fame for war's-art all the four winds waft.—
Ah! none there be that match his searchless wile."
"My Lady, whom y'rself alone revile,"
Out spoke Antenor, bent with reverend age;

"Your words have been mine also, since erewhile
Came he and Menelaus, sent to engage
With Troy for you, and served their day of embassage

"Beneath my palace roof. Thereby I found
Their ways and thoughts and mien. The sturdier mould
Of Atreus' son bespoke the battle-ground
And his words the battle-shock; for they were bold
And spare, and quickly said. His visage told
The youth his words concealed. Not so his peer,
Laertes' son. Methinks I yet behold
Ulysses slowly rise (like one whom fear
Or madness sways!)—and all around lend ear.

"Awhile he stands agaze to earth and still
And speechless, clenching his staff midway, enchained
In linkèd thoughts; now like a silvery rill
His words begin to flow. Life has regained
His face; and now he stands all unrestrained
And calm as the May sky. His clear-voiced tone
Falls on the ear like snow-flakes that are rained
Upon the sea as winds are mildly blown.
Ulysses rules the hour in force none dare disown."

Next, agèd Priam pointed to the field,
With faltering hand, and said: "What lofty chief

Is he afar who bears his massy shield
As lightly as a mountain-oak its leaf?"
"The mighty Ajax," answered she; his fief
Is Salamis, and his boast a gallant fleet.
And lo! beside him one whose sight is grief
And shame to me; whom they did gladly greet
At Sparta; king of Proverb's slow, low-lying Crete!

"Two yet there are whom I have proudly sought
To point, and vainly, Twins of her who gave
My life of sorrow: Castor bold and haught,
And breasting Pollux tireless as the wave.
Sure thirst of war and fealty bade them brave
The ocean's hazard and the battle's toil—
Alas! they loathe to see me." But the grave
Had long ere then removed them as its spoil,
And they were resting stark beneath their country's soil.

Scarce had she ceased when light *Idéan* stood
Beside the king, and cried in tones of haste:
"Arise, our Lord, and seal the brotherhood
Of Greece and Troy; that man again may taste
The sweets of peace which has so long been chased
From every heart. As soon as Fate shall tell
Its will the Greeks shall seek the briny waste
To bear them homeward. Joy at last shall dwell
In Trojan homes again, the homes all love and well."

Air.

(To "Ach so fromm" in "Martha; or Richmond market.")

AH! so fleet
Ah! so white,
Passed a vision in my sight.
Ah! so sweet
And so bright
From its eye that fell the light!
With its form
Life was new,
Fair and glorious to the view;
And a storm
Round my head
At its glance in shadows fled.

Ah! so soft
(O thy heart!)
Passed that image from my sight,
That I oft
Wake and start
Like a dreamer in the night.
Angel! angel! from my seeing
Lost, and with thee is my heart;
Give, oh! give me back my being,
Thou who all of being art!
Ah! so fleet, etc.

'All in a Lifetime.'

FRET not if it grows dark around,
If the devil's manœuvre succeeds;
If cold chancred hellions abound,
And none mind humanity's needs.
Fret not, but go calmly ahead;
Truth's turn will come by-and-by; so
Stop not to weep over what's dead:
'It's all in a lifetime,' you know.

Fret not, but up, Battler! to work.
The mason rough ashler attacks,
And despises the hard strokes to shirk;
And granite stands modelled like wax.
Fret not; in the Battle of Life
"Face the music!" the issue will show
The worthy work; arm for the strife:
'It's all in a lifetime,' you know.

Echo's Exhortation.

COME, come! to the high seas, worn spirits, to me;
From the thick breath of Earth to a feast
Of breeziest Airs; even as you would flee
A merciless wind from the East.

The Blue Book of life leave behind on the strand
In the dolorous temples of night;
And traverse with me a revealed New-found-land
That my magic wand raises in sight.

Come, you that be Sea-worthy! come from the town's
Morbid history to the salt balm
Of atmosphere where life can live; from the frowns
Of Business, come, Hearts,[a] and be calm.

Christmas Eve.

'TIS winter out; the hour is late;
An old man pores beside his grate,
Rakes up the embers of the logs
That lie in ashes round the 'dogs';
Pores, as the tallow of the wick
Burns low in the tarnished candlestick,
On Life so long bepast its youth,
This nineteenth century of Truth.

His Book hangs in his feeble hold,
Upon his chair-arm worn and old;

[a] Cf. Tempest I., 1:
"Cheerly, cheerly, my Hearts."

He seems to bend in muttered prayer
Before the Hearth, with weary air;
Alone, while chiller, chiller, night
Becomes, and fainter still the Light:
An old man, sorrowing in sooth,
This nineteenth century of Truth.

The Katydid.

KATY-DID, Katy-did,
Up between the limbs there hid,
Why not tell y'r secret out,
And deliver us from doubt?
For we must suspect the worst;
End this Mystery accurst.

"Katy did, Katy did."
Puzzle solve of Pyramid?
Did it, did, this Catherine?
No, she didn't. What moonshine
The enigma; for I vow
Kate did—nothing anyhow.

Tell it, then; be soft and slow;
We'll not "babbler" play, you know.

Maybe, tho', the world itself
Laid in Cyclo's on the shelf
Could not half reveal the whole—
Whereby hangs the tale you dole.

"Katy did"—unfinished life
Of a name with interest rife,
Tell! I am a man, you see;
Nothing human's strange to me.
This is a free country, friend;
Let this Slavery come to end.

"Katy did"—oh! how I hate
This old mystery of "Kate."
'Tell a story,' did she, sphinx?—
But who that of woman thinks?
To sum all, a guess I'll try:
Marry, quarrel, and then die.

"Katy did"—if aught be in't,
You can give us just one hint,
And we'll dig it up, tho' 't 's hard—
Spades of late my lucky Card.—
Grand arcanum, if it be,
Make it common property.

THE zephyrs buoyant in the ray,
Scud lightly o'er the seas to-day
Toward where spreads her pearly strand
Afar my sacred Motherland;
But on their rustling wings they bear
My many a deep and longing prayer
For thee, O Rachel of the west,
Whose desolation knows no rest.

Amid her own inspiring heights,
Where still the eagle plumes his flights,
Alone in those blood-sprinkled vales,
In dust and ashes, she bewails
Her precious dead, while on the ground
Her marriage robe of State is found
Parted and rent; with lifted hands,
The matron Commonwealth, she stands.

"Rise, O my sons! by all the care,
By all the toils and hopes I bare:
Return to the forsaken field,
With native pride that cannot yield.
As rose the Ghosts of Old by night,[a]
And high in heaven renewed Faith's fight,

[a] "It is of this 'battle of the nations' that the painter Kaulbach, of Munich, has depicted the legendary spirit, in the most

Spirits, return! lead o'er y'r graves
The souls who swear *not* to be Slaves."

If I forget thee, O my land,
Wither forever this right hand:
If I betray thy awful trust,
Let this mouth vilely bite the dust.
For ever thus to tyrants. Now
And here let me renew the vow,
Pledge fortune, honor, life, that she,
My country, shall be truly free.

1884.

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impressive of his great historical frescoes in Berlin. The story told was that the conflict was so bitter that the Dead of the day rose like ghosts in the night, fighting in the air; and it doubtless suggested to the poet of 'Marmion' an image in his spirited battle-piece," etc.—*Lewis's History of Germany, Battle of the Huns.*

The comparison of Napoleon to Attila is an old one: the latter, in a hortatory to his soldiers on the eve of this his Waterloo, first used the expression,

"The rapture of the Strife."

[*"Arms" of Allone Family*]

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